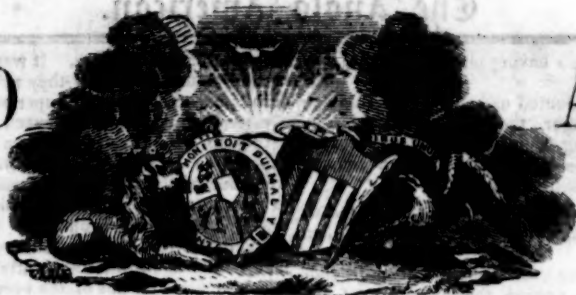


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SONG OF THE HEMPSEED,

BY ELIZA COOK.

Ay scatter me well, 'tis a moist spring day,
Wide and far be the Hempseed sown
And bravely I'll stand on the autumn land
When the rains have dropp'd and the winds have blown.
Man shall carefully gather me up,
His hand shall rule and my form shall change,
Not as a mate for the purple of state,
Nor into aught that is "rich and strange."
But I will come forth all woven and spun,
With my fine threads curl'd in serpent length,
And the fire-wrought chain, and the lion's thick mane,
Shall be rivalled by me in mighty strength.
I have many a place in the busy world,
Of triumph and fear, of sorrow and joy;
I carry the freeman's flag unfurl'd,
I am linked to childhood's darling toy.
Then scatter me wide, and hackle me well,
For a varied tale can the Hempseed tell.

Bravely I swing in the anchor ring
Where the foot of the proud man cometh not,
Where the dolphin leaps, and the sea-weed creeps
O'er the rifted sand and coral grot.
Down, down below I merrily go
When the huge ship takes her rocking rest,
The waters may chafe, but she dwelleth as safe
As the young bird in its woodland nest.
I wreath the spars of that same fair ship
Where the gallant sea-hearts cling about,
Springing aloft with a song on the lip,
Putting their faith in the cordage stout.
I am true when the blast sways the giant mast,
Straining and stretch'd in a nor-west gale,
I abide with the bark, in the day and the dark,
Lashing the hammock and reefing the sail.
Oh, the billows and I right fairly cope,
And the wild tide is stemm'd by the cable rope.

Sons of Evil, bad and bold,
Madly ye live and little ye reck,
Till I am noosed in a coiling fold
Ready to hug your felon neck.
The yarn is smooth and the knot is sure,
I will be firm to the task I take;
Thinly they twine the halter line,
Yet when does the halter hitch or break?
My leaves are light and my flowers are bright—
Fit for an infant hand to clasp;
But what think ye of me, 'neath the gibbet-tree,
Dangling high in the hangman's grasp?
Oh, a terrible thing does the Hempseed seem
'Twixt the hollow floor and stout crossbeam!

The people rejoice, the banners are spread;
There is frolic and feasting in cottage and hall;
The festival shout is echoing out
From trellised porch and Gothic wall;
Merry souls hie to the belfry tower,
Gaily they laugh when I am found,
And rare music they make, till the quick peals shake
The ivy that wraps the turret round:
The Hempseed lives with the old church bell,
And helpeth the holiday ding-dong-dell.

The sunshine falls on a new-made grave;
The funeral train is long and sad;
The poor man has come to the happiest home,
And easiest pillow he ever had.
I shall be there to lower him down
Gently into his narrow bed;
I shall be there, the work to share,
To guard his feet, and cradle his head.
I may be seen on the hillock green,
Flung aside with the bleaching skull,
While the earth is thrown with worm and bone,
Till the sexton has done, and the grave is full.
Back to the gloomy vault I'm borne,
Leaving coffin and nail to crumble and rust,
There I am laid with the mattock and spade,
Moistened with tears and clogg'd with dust;
Oh, the Hempseed cometh in doleful shape,
With the mourners' cloak and sable crape.

Harvest shall spread with its glittering wheat;
The barn shall be opened, the stack shall be piled;
Ye shall see the ripe grain shining out from the wain,
And the berry-stained arms of the gleaner child.

Heap on, heap on till the waggon-ribs creak,
Let the sheaves go towering to the sky
Up with the shock till the broad wheels rock,
Fear not to carry the rich freight high.
For I will infold the tottering gold,
I will fetter the rolling load;
Not an ear shall escape my binding hold,
On the furrowed field or jolting road:
Oh, the Hempseed hath a fair place to fill,
With the harvest band on the corn-crown'd hill.

My threads are set in the heaving net,
Out with the fisher-boy far at sea,
While he whistles a tune to the lonely moon,
And trusts for his morrow's bread to me.
Toiling away through the dry summer-day
Round and round I steadily twist,
And bring from the cell of the deep old well
What is rarely prized but sorely miss'd.
In the whirling swing—in the peg-top string.
There am I, a worshipped slave,
On ocean and earth I'm a goodly thing,
I serve from the play-ground to the grave.
I have many a place in the busy world,
Of triumph and fear, of sorrow and joy;
I carry the freeman's flag unfurl'd,
And am linked to childhood's darling toy;
Then scatter me wide, and hackle me well,
And a varied tale shall the Hempseed tell.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

BY MRS ABELL, (LATE MISS ELIZA BALCONSF.)

AFTER HE LEFT HER FATHER'S RESIDENCE, "THE BRIARS,"
FOR LONGWOOD.

With the assistance of my daughter's pencil, and some rough sketches I had by me, I have been enabled to give a view of the Briars, and the cottage occupied by Napoleon whilst he stayed with us. He certainly appeared very contented during that time, and frequently expressed a strong desire that the government would permit him to remain there, by purchasing the estate; and on their refusing to do so, he sent General Montholon to negotiate with my father, that he himself might become the purchaser of the Briars; but circumstances (probably political) prevented the negotiation from taking effect.

Napoleon used to watch with great interest the fatigue parties of the 53d regiment, as they wound round the mountains above us, carrying on their shoulders the materials wherewith to render Longwood fit to receive him; and as the time of its completion drew near, he manifested his discontent, by grumbling at the sounds of the files and drums, to which the soldiers of the 53d used to toil up those steep acclivities, as serving to warn him of the speedy termination of his sojourn at our cottage.

Shortly after the ex-emperor left the Briars, we proposed riding to Longwood to see him, feeling much interested to know how he was accommodated, and rather, hoping to hear him make a comparison in favour of the sweet place he had left for the sterile-looking domain in which his house was placed; and I remember being in a state of ecstasy at the prospect of again beholding my old playmate, the loss of whose society I had so deeply regretted.

We found him seated on the steps of his billiard-room, chatting to little Tristram Montholon. The moment he perceived us, he started up and hastened towards us. Running to my mother, he embraced her on each cheek; after which fashion he welcomed my sister; but as usual with me, he seized me by the ear, and pinching it, exclaimed,

"Ah, Mademoiselle Betsée, êtes vous sage, eh, eh?"

He then asked us what we thought of his palace, and bidding us follow him, said he would show us over his *menage*.

We were conducted to his bedroom, which was small and cheerless. Instead of paper-hangings, its walls were covered with fluted nankeen; and the only decorations I observed, were the different portraits of his family, which, on a former occasion, he had shown to us.

His bed was the little iron camp-bedstead, with green silk hangings, on which he said he had slept when on the battle-fields of Marengo and Austerlitz. The only thing approaching to magnificence in the furniture of this chamber, was a splendid silver washhand-stand and ewer. The first object on which his eyes would rest on awaking was a small marble bust of his son, which stood on the mantelpiece facing his bed, and above which hung a portrait of Marie Louise.

We then passed on through an anti-room to a small chamber, in which a bath had been put up for his use, and where he passed many hours of the day. The apartments appropriated to him were the two I have just mentioned, with a dressing-room, dining-room, drawing-room, and billiard-room. The latter was built by Sir George Cockburn, and was the only well-proportioned room of which Longwood could boast.

After all these chambers were exhibited, and commented on by Napoleon, he proceeded with us to the kitchen, where he desired Pieron, the confectioner, to send in some creams and bon-bons for Miss Betsée. From thence we went to the larder, where he directed our attention to a sheep that was hanging up, and said, laughingly,

"Regardez—voilà un mouton, pour mon dîner—ou en a fait [lanterne]." 3

And true enough it was so, the French servants having placed a candle in its lean carcass through which the light shone.

After we had gone all over his rooms, he conducted us to those of Madame Montholon, and introduced me to a little stranger, the countess's baby, only then six weeks old, and which he began dandling so awkwardly, that we were in a state of terror lest he should let it fall. He occasionally diverted himself by pinching the little creature's nose and chin until it cried.

When we quizzed him for his *gaucherie* in handling the child, he assured us he had often nursed the little King of Rome when he was much younger than the little Lili.

Before terminating our visit, Napoleon took us over the garden and grounds which surrounded his house. Nothing could exceed the dreariness of the view which presented itself from thence; and a spectator, unaccustomed to the savage and gigantic scenery of St. Helena, could not fail of being impressed with its singularity. On the opposite side the eye rested on a dismal and rugged looking mountain, whose stupendous side was here and there diversified by patches of wild samphire, prickly pears, and aloes, which served but slightly to break the uniform sterility of the iron-coloured rocks, the whole range of which exhibited little more than huge apertures of caverns and overhanging cliffs, which, in the early years of the colonization of the island, afforded shelter to herds of wild goats. I remember hearing Madame Bertrand tell my mother, that one of Napoleon's favourite pastimes was, to watch the clouds as they rolled over the highest point of that gigantic mountain, and as the mists wreathed themselves into fantastic draperies around its summit, sometimes obscuring the valleys from sight, and occasionally stretching themselves out far to sea, his imagination would take wing, and indulge itself in shaping out the future from those vapoury nothings.

As a diversion to close the day, the emperor proposed a ride in his Irish jaunting-car. Our horses were accordingly sent on to Hautgate, the residence of Madame Bertrand, and accompanied by Napoleon, we set off at a hand gallop. I always was, and still am, the greatest coward in a carriage; and of all vehicles, that jaunting-car seemed to me to be the one to inspire terror. It was driven by the fearless Archambaud, with unbroke Cape horses, three abreast, round that most dangerous of roads called the Devil's Punchbowl. The party occupying the side nearest the declivity, seemed almost hanging over the precipice; while the others were apparently crushed against the gigantic walls of the perpendicular rock. These were drives which seemed to inspire Bonaparte with mischievous pleasure. He added to my fright by repeatedly assuring me the horses were running away, and that we should be all dashed to pieces.

I never shall forget the joy I experienced on arriving in safety at Madame Bertrand's, and finding myself once more mounted on my quiet little pony, Tom.

After Napoleon had been on the island a few months, some newspapers arrived, containing anecdotes of him, and all that occurred during his stay at the Briers. Amongst other *sautes*, was a letter written by the Marquis de M—, in which he described all the romping games that had taken place between Napoleon and our family, such as blind-man's-buff, the sword scene, &c., ending his communication by observing, that Miss Betsee was the wildest little girl he had ever met, and expressing his belief that the young lady was *folle*.

This letter had been translated into the German and English journals. My father was much enraged at my name thus appearing, and wished to call the marquis to an account for his ill nature; but my mother's intercessions prevailed, and she obtained an ample apology from the marquis.

On hearing of the affront that "Miss Betsee" had received from the *vieux imbecile*, as Napoleon generally denominated him, he requested Dr O'Meara would call at the Briers on his way to St. James's Valley, with a message to me, which was to let me know how I might revenge myself. It so happened that the marquis prided himself on the peculiar fashion of his wig, to which was attached a long cue. This embellishment to his head, Napoleon desired me to burn off with caustic. I was always ready for mischief, and in this instance had a double inducement, as the emperor promised to reward me, on receipt of the pigtail with the prettiest fan Mr. Solomon's shop contained. Fortunately I was prevented indulging in this most hoydenish trick by the remonstrances of my mother.

The next time I saw the emperor his first exclamation was, "Eh, bien, Mademoiselle Betsee, a tu obei mes ordres et gagne l'éventail?"

In reply, I made a great merit of being too dutiful a daughter to disobey my mother, however much my inclination prompted me to revenge the insult.

He then pinched my ear in token of approval, and said, "Ah, Miss Betsee, tu commences à être sage."

He then called Dr. O'Meara, and asked him if he had procured the fan, The doctor replied that there were none pretty enough.

I believe I looked disappointed, on perceiving which Napoleon, with his usual good nature; consoled me with the promise of something prettier; and he kept his word; in a few days I received a ring composed of brilliants, forming the letter N, surmounted by a small eagle.

The only revenge I took on the marquis was, by relating an anecdote of his greedy propensity, which diverted Napoleon very much. He was very fond of cauliflowers, which vegetable was rare in the island, and when dining with us one day at the Briers, his aide-de-camp, Captain Gor, had omitted to point out the fact of there being some at table, and it was only when about being removed that the marquis espied the retreating dish. His rage was most amusing, and with much gesticulation he exclaimed, "Bete! pourquoi ne m'a-tu pas dit qu'ils y avaient des choux-fleurs?"

During one of our riding excursions we encountered Napoleon, who was returning from Sandy Bay, where he had been to visit Mr. D—, who resided there. He expressed himself delighted with the place, and spoke in high terms of the urbanity of the venerable host of "Fairy Land."

This gentleman had passed all his life at St. Helena, and at this time had arrived at the advanced age of seventy, without ever having left the island. His appearance was most prepossessing, and to those who loved to revel in the ideal and imaginative, he might have been likened to a good genius presiding over the fairy valley in which he dwelt.

I asked Napoleon if he had remarked, when at Sandy Bay, three singularly formed rocks, shaped like sugar-loaves, and called Lot's wife and daughter? He replied that he had. I then related to him an anecdote connected with the largest of the three.

More than half a century had elapsed since two slaves, who preferred a free-booting life to that of labour and subjection, secreted themselves in a cave halfway up the acclivity which terminates the spiral rock, called "Lot's wife." From this stronghold their nocturnal sallies and depredations were carried on with great success, and their retreat remaining undiscovered for a long time, became the terror of the island. They were at length, however, tracked to their rocky hold, where they stood a long siege, repelling all attacks, by rolling

stones on their assailants. It was at last deemed necessary to send a party of soldiers to fire on them if they refused to surrender; but this measure was rendered unnecessary by the superior activity of one of the besieging party, who managed to climb the rock, reach the opposite side of the mountain, and clambering up, gain a situation above the cave, the mouth of which became thus exposed to the same mode of attack which had effected its defence: so that when one of the unfortunate freebooters approached the edge of the precipice to roll down stones, he was crushed to death, and his companion, who was following him, severely wounded. Many of the islanders believe to this day that the ghost of the murdered slave is seen to make the circuit of the wild spot wherein he carried on his nightly orgies; a superstition easily accounted for from the circumstance of the summits of the mountains being generally encircled by light mists, which wreath themselves into all kinds of fantastical shapes; thus to the eye of superstition giving to "an airy nothing a local habitation and a name." In St. Helena every cavern has its spirit, and every rock its legend.

Napoleon having listened to my legend of the Sugar-loaf Mountain, said he should regard it with greater interest the next time he rode in that direction.

One of the many instances of Napoleon's great good-nature, and his kindness in promoting my amusement, was on the occasion of the annual races at Deadwood, which at that time were anticipated by the inhabitants of the island as a kind of jubilee. From having been, as was often the case, in arrears with my lessons, my father, by way of punishing me declared that I should not go to the races; and fearing that he might be induced to break his determination, he lent my pony to a friend for that day. My vexation was very great at not knowing where to get a horse, and I happened to mention my difficulty to Dr. O'Meara, who told Napoleon, and my delight may be conceived when a short time after all our party had left the Briers for Deadwood, I perceived the doctor winding down the mountain-path which led to our house, followed by a slave leading a superb gray horse, called Mameluke, with a lady's side-saddle, and housings of crimson velvet embroidered with gold.

Dr. O'Meara said that on telling the emperor of my distress, he desired that the quietest horse in his stable be immediately prepared for my use.

This simply good natured act of the emperor occasioned no small disturbance on the island, and sufficiently punished me for acting contrary to my father's wishes, by the pain it gave me at hearing that he was considered to have committed a breach of discipline in permitting one of his family to ride a horse belonging to the Longwood establishment, and for which he was reprimanded by the governor.

We were told by Napoleon the next day, that he had witnessed the races from the upper windows of General Bertrand's cottage, and expressed himself much amused by them. He said he supposed I was too much diverted by the gay scene to feel my usual timidity.

Bonaparte frequently urged my father to correct me whilst young, and said I ought never to be encouraged in my foolish fears, or ever permitted to indulge therein. He said the Empress Josephine suffered the greatest terror in a carriage, and he mentioned several instances of her extreme fright, when he was obliged to reprimand her severely. If I remember rightly, the Duchess D'Abrantes mentions in her memoirs of the Emperor, one of the anecdotes on this subject which he recounted to us.

There was so little to vary the monotony of Napoleon's life, that he took an interest in the most trifling attempts at gaiety in the island, and he generally consented to our entreaties to be present at some of the many entertainments my father delighted in promoting. On one occasion my father gave a fête to celebrate the anniversary of my birthday, at a pretty little place he possessed within the boundary of the Emperor's rides, called Ross Cottage: so named as being the abode for a short time of a much-esteemed friend, the flag-captain of the Northumberland, whom Bonaparte always designated as "un bravissimo uomo." When the festivities were at their height we described the emperor riding along the hill-side towards the house; but on seeing such an assembly he sent to say that he would content himself with looking at us from the heights above. I did not consider this was fulfilling his promise of coming to the party, and not liking to be so disappointed, I scampered off to where he had taken up his position, and begged he would be present at our festivity—telling him he must not refuse, it being my birthday. But all my entreaties were unavailing;—he said he could not make up his mind to descend the hill, to be exposed to the gaze of the multitude, who wished to gratify their curiosity with the sight of him. I insisted, however, on his tasting a piece of birthday cake, which had been sent for that occasion by a friend in England, and who, little knowing the strict surveillance exercised over all those in any way connected with the fallen chief and his adherents, had the cake ornamented with a large eagle, and which, unluckily for us, was the subject of much animadversion. This I named to Napoleon, as an inducement for him to eat of the cake, saying, "It is the least you can do for getting us into such disgrace."

Having thus induced him to eat a thick slice he pinched my ear, calling me a "saucy little simpleton," and galloped off, humming, or rather attempting to sing with his most unmusical voice, "Vive Henri Quatre."

One morning we went to call on Madame Bertrand, and found Napoleon seated by her bedside. We were about retreating, thinking we had been shown into the wrong room, when he called out, in his imperfect English, desiring us to enter, and asked what we were afraid of, saying,

"I am visiting my dear loaf, my mistress."

My mother observed that the latter term had a *strange* signification, and that it was never used in our language to express friendship. He laughed heartily at the awkward error he had made, and promised not to forget the interpretation of the word for the future, repeating that he only meant to express that Madame Bertrand was his dear friend.

It was by Napoleon's especial desire that we ventured now and then to correct his English; and being very anxious to improve himself, he never let an opportunity pass when in our society, without trying to converse in English, though from his exceeding bad pronunciation, and literal translations, it required the most exclusive attention to understand him. For my part I seldom had patience to render him much assistance, my sister being generally obliged to finish what I had begun; for in the middle of his lesson I would rush away, attracted by some more frivolous amusement. On returning, I was always saluted with a tap on the cheek, or a pinch of the ear, with the exclamation of,

"Ah, Mademoiselle Betsee, petite étourdie que vous êtes, vous ne deviez jamais sage."

A few years after the Emperor's visit, Mr. D— was induced to come to England; and thinking that he might never return to his lovely and beloved valley, he had a tree felled from his own "fairy land," from under the shade of which he had often viewed the enchanting scene around, and had his coffin made from the wood. His arrival in England, and his interesting character; being made known to the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., his R. H. desired that Mr. D— might be presented to him; and his Royal Highness was so gratified with the interview, that he afterwards knighted Mr. D—, who subsequently returned to his loved island.

Bonaparte, on one occasion, asked us if we had seen little Arthur, who was about a month old; and he repeated Madame Bertrand's speech on introducing the child to him.

"Allow me to introduce to your Majesty a subject who has dared to enter the gates of Longwood without a pass from Sir Hudson Lowe."

He sat chatting a long time, and quizzing me about the short waist and petticoats of my frock. He took great pleasure in teasing me about my trousers as he knew I disliked being called a little boy, and which he always made a point of doing when he espied the trousers. He thought the fashion of wearing short waists very frightful, and said, if he were governor, he should issue an order that no ladies were to appear dressed in that style.

Before leaving Madame Bertrand's cottage, he joined the children in a game of puss in the corner, to which I acted as Maitress de Ballet.

Napoleon used to evince great curiosity about the subject of our conversations when we called on Lady Lowe, at Plantation House, and asked whether they discussed our visits to Longwood.

I told him that the same sort of interrogation went on there, and that I was sure to be sharply (though goodnaturefully) cross questioned, about what we did and what we heard, when in his presence.

One evening, whilst on a visit to Madame Bertrand, we strolled up to see Dr. O'Meara, who happened to be engaged with the Emperor. Cipriani, however, sent in to say that some ladies were waiting to see him, and on Napoleon hearing our names, he requested us to come in. We found him in the billiard room, employed looking over some very large maps, and moving about a number of pins, some with red heads, others with black.

I asked him what he was doing. He replied that he was fighting over again some of his battles, and that the red-headed pins were meant to represent the English, and the black the French. One of his chief amusements was, going through the evolutions of a lost battle, to see if it were possible by any better manœuvring to have won it.

ELLISTONIANA.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.

TAKING THE MONEY.

Like his celebrated predecessors in management, the good-natured Sir Richard Steele, and the illustrious Brinsley Sheridan, Elliston, from the natural generosity of his disposition, his love of enjoyment, and his lofty disregard, if not absolute contempt, of those paltry considerations, pounds, shillings, and pence, very often found himself in the situations of "a gentleman in difficulties," or as he more delicately expressed it, became an object of great interest to many persons, and was very often carefully looked after.

Like Sir Richard, and the renowned Richard Brinsley, Elliston too was very often, from lack of more satisfactory funds constrained, to pay his creditors in other coin than that issued from the royal exchequer—to wit, promises—in the shape of notes of hand, bills of exchange, cognovits, warrants of attorney, &c. &c.

As in the case of Sir Richard and Richard Brinsley, the principal creditors of Robert William were generally his tailor and his wine-merchant; for he liked to take equal care of his inward and his outward man.

Of our hero's ingenious expedients at times to quiet a dun, silence a creditor, and escape from a bailiff, many amusing anecdotes are told, but some fine-skinned sensitiveness having been manifested on the score of Robert William's occasional pecuniary embarrassments, we are not disposed to pry, too curiously into such delicate matters. One anecdote, however, shall be related.

All classes do not find their golden and red-letter day fall at the same period in the almanac of life. The landlord and country gentleman have their tenants' rent-days to look to as their *point d'appui*; the fund-holder and annuitant have their dividend-days at the Bank; the policeman and pensioner pay their regular visits to the Treasury, and are in return as regularly paid; the tradesman has his Christmas bills and yearly accounts to look forward to—not quite so certain, however; but this "poor player" has no day but his Saturday—or rather he has no day at all—for his grand day is a night—his BENEFIT NIGHT!—which is usually as important to his numerous creditors as to himself; all parties equally look forward to it.

It was verging, one summer in the early part of the comedian's career, towards the close of the theatrical season of one of his many country theatres, and the reputed best night in the whole year had been appropriated to the benefit of our manager, who had provided an exceedingly tempting bill of fare for the occasion.

Elliston was a universal favourite, and his benefits invariably proved bumpers; which is not always the case with popular actors. Dowton, though quite as good an actor in private as in public life, and excellent and admired as he ever was, never made a good benefit; and old Delpini, the most companionable of ows, and in general request from the prince to the apprentice for his social and comic qualities, was equally unfortunate in this respect. It is related of him that meeting a friend one day shortly after he had taken his accustomed "benefit" at the Italian Opera-house, his friend, knowing the usual ill luck that attended him on such occasions, inquired somewhat anxiously what had been his success.

"What sort of a benefit had you this time, Delpini?" said he.

"Oh, begar, grand bénéfice, very good bénéfice, indeed," returned our Scaramouch, "I get sixty pound by him dis time."

"Ah, indeed! I congratulate you; but how did you manage to do that?"

"Ah, begar, oui, yes—but I shall tell you all about him. You see, amico mio, I lose a hundred pound de last time I take de bénéfice, but dis time I only lose de forty pound; so dat I get de sixty pound quite clear."

But to return to Elliston—as may be supposed, he was much interested in the success of the night in question, but there was another person quite as much interested, and this was a certain wine-merchant and bill-discounter of the town, whom we shall take the liberty of calling Sloejuice, though his real name is well known. This worthy was in the habit of cashing hopeful young gentlemen's post-obit bills, at the moderate discount of some fifty or sixty per cent; being content, on this "consideration," to wait till the death of their honoured sires; a consummation he devoutly endeavoured to hasten, whenever he had an opportunity, by furnishing them with a liberal quantity of his fine old port from his own cellar, neat as concocted, its crust and bees'-wing being manufactured *secundum artem*.

This Mr. Sloejuice, in the technical slang of his craft, had smashed two or three bits of stiff for our friend Elliston; in other words he had discounted two or three bills for him, on the most moderate terms of course, besides supplying him with a few dozens of London particular Madeira—particular for nothing else then being really London Madeira, composed, as it was, in Mincing-lane, of approved Cape, properly devilled with alcohol, &c. &c. The public not

having accepted Elliston's bills quite so freely as he had done those of Mr. Sloejuice, "No effects," was the natural consequence, and Mr. Sloejuice's account had amounted with interest, &c. to about eighty pounds.

The bill-discounter had read Elliston's announce benefit bill with great interest, though instead of being headed for the benefit of Mr. Elliston, he thought it ought to have been headed for the benefit of himself, he having fully determined that the whole of his demand should be liquidated out of the night's receipts. Accordingly he applied to a legal friend of his, who lived in the town, through whose agency a *tickler* for the comedian was immediately placed in the respectable hands of Mr. Lumber, one of the principal body borrowers of the place, who with his faithful follower, Mr. Bill Shackle, playfully called Nabbs by his intimates, soon after departed under the immediate surveillance of Mr. Sloejuice himself, and his foreman, clerk, and cooper, Mr. Broadfist, to hunt after their man, whom they (fortunately as they thought) picked up as he was returning from a late rehearsal, and within an hour of the usual time of opening the doors.

"Vell, I'm blowed," said Mr. Lumber, familiarly tapping the comedian on the shoulder, "but this ere is apropos; you are the very identical gent as ve vos a looking arter."

"The familiar scoundrel!" muttered the disconcerted actor between his teeth. "Plaguy unlucky—the doors just on the very point of opening too. Can't this business be settled any how, my friend?"

"To be sure it can—nothing so easy," returned Mr. Lumber; "you have only got to pay down the debt and costs—seventy-eight pounds and no mistake, with any little compliment you may like for my being so very civil; and as the office is already sarched, why I slashes this ere bit of parchment in a jiffy, and then the job's done—I likes to make things agreeable."

This mode of settlement, however, neither suited Elliston's pocket nor his inclinations; he talked of the usurious interest that had been exacted, the infamous quality of the Madeira that had been supplied, &c., and proposed to give a cognovit at a month. Mr. Sloejuice, on his part, strongly objected to any mode of settlement but that of money down; he dwelt on Elliston's want of faith, the number of times the bills had been renewed, and declared the affair must now be finally brought to a close.

"You will be sure to have money enough in the house to-night," said he.

"More, more than enough," said Elliston; "it will hold nearly a hundred pounds, properly packed, and I know it will be crammed. Only let me act to night, and I will pay you every farthing immediately on the conclusion of the performance—nay, more—give you a bonus into the bargain."

"No, no," cried Mr. Sloejuice, "I can't trust you, Mr. Elliston; you forget, sir, you're a TELEGRAPH-ACTOR—in Bath one night, in London the next. If I was to let you play to-night, you'd up to town to-morrow morning, and then it would be all up with me and the receipts."

"Very just," returned Mr. Lumber, "so you sees it's no go, Muster Elliston—we're all on us up to you, sir."

"What's to be done?" cried the comedian, writhing with indignation.

"Let me take the money in the front of the house to-night," returned Mr. Sloejuice, "and you may do what you like behind."

"But," said Elliston, "the receipts of the house will be sure to be considerably more than you demand. However since it seems *volens volens*, give me a ten pound-note, and a release of the present action—which of course will be a settlement of your debt, and I consent. You will have no objection to let me place my own check-takers, I suppose?"

"Indeed, but I shall though," cried Mr. Sloejuice, knowingly, "No, no, Mr. Elliston, I take the money myself in the front of the house to-night, and place my own check-takers, or it's no go—I don't mind giving the ten pounds."

"Well, well," said Elliston; "needs must—you will have your own way I see—but as it's near the time of opening the doors, and I've got to give a few directions behind, if the thing is to be done, let it be done at once."

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Lumber, "that's vot I calls quivite right and equivocal, Mr. Hellson; so ve'll just step into the Dolphin here, and over a bottle of your best black strap, Mr. Sloejuice, ve can prepare the dockeyments, and conclude the business all reglar."

This was agreed to; the bottle of black strap was duly brought—which did not bely its name, being an ingenious brewage of vin ordinaire and logwood, doctored with a due proportion of B. B.—British brandy, and almost thick enough to be cut with a knife. Over this precious decoction the dockeyments, as Mr. Lumber called them, were regularly drawn up and signed, the bottle was emptied, and Elliston received his release from Mr. Sloejuice's demand, together with ten pounds. He then proceeded, according to his agreement, to put the man of dregs and discount into full possession of the front of the house, with all the emoluments and advantages, thereunto accruing, to be received by him for his own use and benefit, "for that night only."

Mr. Sloejuice was forthwith formally installed into the money-box, and supplied with a sufficient quantity of brass checks, soon to be exchanged, as he fondly thought, for gold and silver. His fingers perfectly itched at the idea.

There was but one entrance to the pay-place, from which other entrances conducted to the different parts of the house—a common thing in provincial theatres.

Mr. Lumber was placed as check-taker at the gallery-door, he being supposed to be more capable of tackling the gods, should they prove at all uproarious, being a known good one with a rum customer. Mr. Broadfist, the cooper, having been used to check the cellar, was placed to watch over the interests of the pit, while Mr. Nabbs begged permission to "vait" on the gentry in the boxes, as he observed he "knowed most on 'em, they being pretty nearly all old acquaintances of his'n."

The manager having now seen them all inducted into their several posts as stipulated, retired to give the directions he had hinted at, observing that he would send a man to open the doors the moment every thing was ready. He was as good as his word.

Having got the wine-merchant, to use his own words, snugly bottled up, his first step when he got behind the scenes was to cause one of his largest bill-boards to be fixed at the top of a long pole, on this he put a written placard which ran to the following effect:

TO THE PUBLIC.

TICKETS ADMITTED AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE ONLY.

Pay round the Corner.

With this notice he directed his stage-door keeper to parade backwards and forwards in a conspicuous manner before the front of the theatre at the time of the doors opening, taking care however to keep out of sight of Mr. Sloejuice and his assistant check-takers; though this was easy, as they were safe at their several posts.

A great number of tickets to the boxes and pit were soon presented and admitted, but no money appeared.

"This is very strange," said Mr. Sloejuice, who began to think that he'd got into the *wrong-box*.

The fact was, the intimation on the placard attracting the attention of each fresh comer, it really, as had been anticipated, drew all the money round the corner, where, when the payers arrived, they saw another very legible intimation conspicuously posted over the entrance of the stage door, "PAY HERE," in enormous characters. Accordingly thither they all repaired, where they found Elliston in attendance to take the money.

"Pay here, pay here," said he. "Four to the pit? thank you, sir,—half a guinea,—two and sixpence," giving change. "Pass on, master carpenter, take the party under the stage, through the orchestra into the pit. Six boxes? thank you ma'am—obliged to admit you this way, the crush is so great in front. Open the side door, prompter. Five gallery—Wingman, let those gentlemen through the door in the flies into the gallery. Mind how you go up the ladder, gentlemen."

As had been expected, there was very soon a tremendous house, the pit was in a short time literally choked.* In the mean time Mr. Sloejuice and the check-takers were very much astonished at the apathy of the public. Presently, however, the mystery of no money presenting itself seemed to be explained by a shrill voice outside, which was heard exclaiming.

"Box ticket for half-a-crown, take two into the pit and save you eighteenpence. Got any tickets I'll buy them of you. Pit ticket for eighteenpence, take two into the gallery and save you sixpence."

"Oh ho," thought Mr. Sloejuice, "it's this that is spoiling the money, is it."

Here he most energetically consigned all persons who sold tickets at the doors to a place much too low to be mentioned to "ears polite," concluding by loudly calling to the woman to come in, and bring her tickets with her.

"How many tickets have you got, my good woman?" said he, on her appearing.

"Eight box and six pit, sir," said she.

"Give them to me, I'll take them all; there's the money for them: I'll not have the cash spoiled any more to-night if I can help it, so take yourself off as fast as you can, or hang me if I don't give you in charge of the constable."

The poor woman did not want twice bidding, but gladly shuffled away.

But not even the strong measure of buying up the tickets seemed to bring a farthing more to the pay-place, and Mr. Sloejuice began to fear that some intimation of the bailiffs being the check-takers had got wind, and kept everybody out of the house.

The performance had now commenced, and Mr. Lumber had enough to do to keep matters at all going; which he only accomplished by biting his name very often in a quart of brandy-and-water previously ordered. Towards the conclusion of the first act, however, a party with tickets, who had just been admitted by Mr. Nabbs into the boxes, returned, with the intimation that there was not even standing room. Mr. Sloejuice was electrified, and declared that there must be some mistake.

"Not standing room! How can that be! Why there can be scarcely twenty persons in the house," said he; "the boxes must be nearly all empty!"

They angrily reiterated their assertions, and while he was disputing with them the first act ended, and between two and three hundred thirsty souls descended from the lofty regions of the gods, and demanded checks from the astonished Mr. Lumber, in order, as they observed, to procure a little refreshment.

"Why where the deuce do you all come from?" said that gentleman, completely astounded.

"Why were should we come from but from up stairs to be sure," said they, "there ain't room there to cough; it's quite picking one's pocket to take one's money; you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Vell, I'm blessed!" said Mr. Lumber.

A similar number at the same time issued for egress from the well crammed pit, to the equal amazement of Mr. Broadfoot, the cooper, who began to doubt the evidence of his senses.

"Where the devil did you come from?" said he.

"Why from the pit to be sure," said they.

"It must be the bottomless pit, then, for I swear you never came in this way!" returned he.

"Scoundrels!" roared the enraged Mr. Sloejuice, "you have been letting them in without paying. This it is having people for check-takers that don't know their business."

"Why blow my dickey, vot do you mean by that? Nobody passed without a check!" retorted the indignant Mr. Lumber, "so if there's any body to blame it's yourself. It's you as don't know how to take the money!"

Here some very unparliamentary language passed on both sides, and matters might have become serious had not the truth suddenly flashed on the horrified Mr. Sloejuice. Precipitately leaving the money-box to take care of itself, he rushed to the stage-door, and obtaining access behind the scenes, easily found the comedian, who was then in high glee. He at once loudly accused Elliston of robbing, cheating, tricking him, &c. &c.

Robert William heard him with the most provoking composure.

"What have you to complain of, my good fellow?" said he coolly; "how have I robbed, how have I cheated you? I have kept my agreement sir, to the very letter. I agreed to give up the front of the house to you, but I said nothing about the back. If you have not turned the front to account, that is your fault, not mine; I have done the best I could with my part of the building, and have not been so much behind as you may imagine. You said I might do what I liked here, you know. You had the advantage of me at first I own, but I think I have made it equal now. Yes, friend Sloejuice, while you have been waiting to take the money in the front I have been giving change for it behind here; so now I think we are about even. I wish you a very good night—take care of the traps!—carpenters, show this gentleman out."

It is but justice to say, that Elliston afterwards (not, it is true, till his own perfect convenience) repaid Mr. Sloejuice every farthing he was entitled to.

THE MASTER-PASSION: A TALE OF CHAMOUNI.

BY T. C. GRATTAN, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS."

In the latest years of the last century, two millers had established themselves in that unfortunate contiguity which, with a rivalry of pursuits and similarity of

* The theatrical public of this place were not like the girl in the colleries, who refused to visit a dramatic representation when offered to be treated to the pit, alleging that she was sure she should never be amused with any thing that was to be seen in a pit—that she had had quite enough of pite in her time, and no one should ever catch her in one again if she knew it.

interests, was almost sure to produce envy, hatred and malice. On one side, at least, these results were decided and violent.

Gabriel Balmat, the occupant of the dwelling whose ruins are now the only visible records of his existence, was a man of dark and direful character. Unmated and solitary in the world, he had no check in domestic associations to the baneful passions of an ill-regulated mind. He was poor, and had from early youth maintained a hard struggle against fate. But there was neither dignity nor virtue in the contest. He worked his way through life in bitterness and gloom, finding congenial associations in the desolate rocks and glaciers, and seeking none with any of his own species, beyond what was prescribed by the actual necessities of his calling.

The evil disposition of this unhappy man was chiefly excited against his rival in trade, Paul Corryeur, who was, even earlier than he, established in the mill that had been his father's before him; so that Balmat had really no excuse, much less a justification, for his enmity. The man he hated so much was simple and honest in his manners and dealings; a fair competitor, in a business which afforded ample employment for two persons, and a fair chance of respectable provision for at least two families.

It was not, however, wonderful that the amiable and conciliating manners of Corryeur made him the favourite with the small farmers and the smaller peasantry. Nothing "brings grist to the mill," literally or figuratively, so much as an easy temper and a kindly bearing. The consequence, in the present instance, was, that the possessor of these happy qualities had generally more corn to grind than his hopper could accommodate; that his wife and children were well dressed, and his little household in a state of great comfort; while his unpopular neighbour got but little employment, and was continually forced to expend his indifferent profits in lawsuits.

The vexations and injuries he, on many occasions, caused to Corryeur and his property, were considerable. But the latter never would follow the example of others, by retaliating or going to law, trusting to his own industry to repair the mischief, and benevolently hoping for a change of character in his disagreeable and dangerous neighbour.

The wisdom of this conduct was in some measure justified by the result:—for in the course of time a feeling did accidentally rise up in the breast of Gabriel, which, if it did not altogether change his disposition, at least modified it in some measure, in respect to its injurious effects upon the Corryeur family.

It happened one morning early that Gabriel was taking a solitary walk up that side of the Arne, the little river of Chamouni, on which his own mill and dwelling-house were situated, his mind fixed, as usual, on some project of ill, or occupied with some reflection of discomfort; when his attention was suddenly attracted to a group of children on the opposite bank, whom he at once recognised as the junior branches of Corryeur's family. He had never before been so near those young creatures, for they had such an extreme dread of him, that they on all possible occasions avoided his very neighbourhood. He now stood gazing on them with folded arms and scowling aspect, and at sight of those living reproaches to his misanthropy and malice, his bad feelings were still more excited, and they at length arose to absolute fury, on observing that as soon as the children saw him, they fled towards their home, uttering piercing screams, and throwing behind them looks of terror. The first impulse of his passion made him also run in the same direction, shouting and uttering imprecations, so as to increase their fright; and at last one of the little urchins—a mere infant—was tripped up by a stone on the path, and fell headlong from the bank into the stream. Shallow as it was, there was quite water enough to drown a child of that helpless age; and such might have been the fate of the little victim had Balmat left it to itself. But urged by his impetuous temper, and acting from impulse more than design, he rushed into the river, over the rocky impediments, and was just within arm's length of the struggling innocent, and on the point of either plunging it deeper into the water and so suffocating it or raising it up to dash it to a certain death against the granite blocks around when he was arrested, in time to save him from the commission of this ferocious and cowardly crime.

It was no stalwart arm that interposed to save the helpless object of his rage; it was that of a little girl of about twelve years old, the eldest sister of the drowning child, who, while her two younger brothers continued their flight towards home, had intrepidly stopped on her path, and immediately ran into the water, to interpose between the double death which seemed to menace her little sister.

"Oh, sir, kill me, kill me! but not little Josephine—that would break my mother's heart," cried the pale and agitated girl, piteously looking towards Balmat's terrible countenance, while her hands were employed in raising the child from its perilous position.

Almost every mind does homage to the quality of courage—none more so than those in which it degenerates into ferocity. The cruel Balmat was struck with astonishment and admiration. The boldness of this girl, herself a mere child, in rushing to what she evidently believed a self-sacrifice, to save her sister's life and her mother's feelings, appeared to him an act of such sublimity, that even the callous heart of "Gabriel the cruel," as he was usually called, was touched by it in a way unknown to him before.

"No, I'll not kill either you or her," said he, with a grim smile, as he took the children, one in each hand, and helped them out of the water; and as he lifted them up the bank, he asked the eldest what was her name?

"Julie Corryeur," replied she, timidly, and turning towards home, as though still afraid to trust herself in such perilous company.

"You are afraid of me?" said Balmat.

"Yes, sir," answered Julie.

"You know me, then? Who am I?"

"The wicked miller of Chamouni, sir."

Balmat could not help laughing at the candour and civility combined in this rough answer; but before he could continue the conversation, his attention was attracted to the approach of a group from the rival mill, consisting of Corryeur, his wife, and two of their servants, who had hastened out on hearing the screams of the children, and now rapidly approached with menacing air. Balmat, having quite recovered his calmness, proceeded to ascend the broken and rocky bank, with his dripping companions, one in each hand; and as he reached the level ground the hostile group arrived on the spot.

The children immediately disengaged themselves from his hold, and rushed into the open arms of their parents, both of whom anxiously gazed to see that all was safe and well; and the father being the soonest satisfied, he stepped close up to Balmat, and exclaimed in an angry tone,

"What does all this mean, neighbour Gabriel? What have you been doing to my children?"

On hearing this, Julie turned again quickly, and taking hold of her father's hand, she said with much earnestness,

"Oh, nothing, nothing, father, but what was good and very kind to us. Little

Josephine fell into the river, and Monsieur Balmat ran in to save her from being drowned."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Corryeur, "then I am more obliged to him than I would have been to any man in the district. One expects a good turn from a friend and no thanks; but when an enemy does it he deserves our gratitude. Come, Gabriel, give me your hand and let us be good neighbours henceforward!"

"Not so fast, Paul Corryeur," replied Balmat, with a tone more serious than sullen, and folding his arms on his breast; "I cannot give my hand to a man who has not some share of my heart. I am an open enemy at any rate. But I have no objection to be friends with little Julie there. Will you let her embrace me?"

"To be sure I will if she likes it. It would be hard to refuse that to him who saved her sister's life."

"Tut, tut, man! I did not save the child's life, and had no notion of doing it—and Julie knows that—but she is a brave and a good-hearted girl, and there's something about her that has struck a new light into my mind altogether; and so will you give me a kiss, Julie?"

Half reluctant, half willing, the little girl received the proffered embrace.

"Thank you, thank you, and God bless you! you are a good child," said Balmat, abruptly, and he then turned away and walked rapidly down the river's side, till he came to the rustic bridge of planks just opposite the source of the Aveyron, at the foot of the Glacier des Bois, and which led up close to his own house.

CHAP. II.

The effect produced by this occurrence on the wayward mind of Balmat was extraordinary. It was like that caused by some heavy substance flung into a dark and stagnant lake. It seemed to heave it up in wild convulsion from its very depths, without purifying its nature or changing its hue. The colour of Balmat's character was the same as ever—but one beam shone upon and trembled in it, like the reflection of a single star in the water's gloom. Unloving and unloved, he felt suddenly as though it were possible for him to feel and to inspire regard. The courage shown by Julie in braving his rage, her goodness in interposing between him and her father, the fine expression of her countenance as she received his embrace, were all stirring in his memory during the whole of that day, and, without his knowing it, they sunk deep and softly into his heart.

The first actual proof which spoke to him in conviction of this effect was a wish that he had happened to marry young, like Paul Corryeur, and that like him he had such a daughter as little Julie.

His next notion was that he would immediately marry, on the chance of having a child he could love, and who might love him. But the impossibility of this without also having a wife, and the repugnance with which he had ever considered such an incumbrance on his freedom, soon removed that thought. A hundred other cogitations, each succeeding wilder and more complicated than the last, occupied him for hours on this eventful day, and as it closed in he was himself convinced that he had never passed one so free from evil thoughts or unkindly feelings. His workmen and his old woman-servant could not imagine what had come over him. He neither cursed, nor swore, nor frowned, nor looked vicious from morning till night, and on retiring to bed he actually muttered a "*Bonsoir Jean nette!*" He even dreamed pleasantly—a greater proof than even the tenour of his waking thoughts, that his mind was imbued with a happy influence, which shone through its most shadowy mysteries.

But as he awoke to a full sense of all that had been passing in his brain, another change came rapidly through it, forcing him back to almost his original state of feeling. Pride flashed fiercely upon his relaxing violence of character, and he felt as though degraded by the incipient tenderness which had been stealing on him. The reaction was desperate. His ferocity wholly returned, against all mankind—with one exception: little Julie came in for no share of it.

Some weeks passed by without any outward change being evident in Gabriel Balmat. An overture towards a better acquaintanceship had been made to him on the part of Paul Corryeur, by one of the farmers with whom they both had dealings, but it was peremptorily rejected; and as the report of his having saved a child from drowning spread in the neighbourhood, Balmat seemed resolved to give it the lie by every practical contradiction in his power. He showed all his usual symptoms of cruelty to animals and moroseness to human beings. He mercilessly shot or stoned to death every intruding dog or cat which prowled into his premises; he severely beat two or three boys who in some way excited his ire, and he even struck one of the mothers—a poor widow, who ventured a remonstrance. Private quarrels, prosecution before the village magistrates, and threatened lawsuits, were the consequence; but these had no terrors for Gabriel, to whom they were the familiar circumstances of his uneasy life.

Yet still, mixed with all this odious perversity, and now perhaps by some possible caprice of nature exciting to it, was the extraordinary sentiment of affection, or something like it towards Julie Corryeur. There was no positive evidence of this beyond Gabriel's own consciousness; for he made no open attempt to see the child, but negative presumption was afforded, in the abstinence from all acts of annoyance towards the father of the little peace-maker.

Balmat several times indeed took a solitary stroll up the river's side early in the morning, at noontide, or in the evening; but if he sought for Julie, or hoped to meet her again, he was disappointed; for her mother, blessing the Virgin for her children's late escape, strictly watched their movements now, that they might not again encounter such risk. But from another point of view, often reached in the course of his wanderings, he frequently saw the happy little girl. It was on one of the elevations near the Glacier des Bois, and from which travellers are sometimes indulged with an imperfect view of the Mer de Glace, that Balmat used, unobserved himself, to gaze down upon Julie, sporting about with her young brothers and sister, and the goats, which it was part of her duty to attend in their pasturage, close to the precincts of her father's mill.

It was in the solitude of this isolated spot that Gabriel resolved on the execution of a plan which was to combine with his own gratification the sure infliction of much misery on Paul Corryeur, his hatred for whom seemed to increase in proportion to the unaccountable fancy he had taken for his daughter.

It would seem however, that before putting this plan into execution, he considered it necessary to have the sanction of a recognition, a look of regard, a negative acceptance of his proffered friend, from the innocent object so unconsciously implicated in his projects. It was therefore that one Sunday morning—that which was fixed on for Julie's going through the ceremony of her first communion—five or six weeks after the river adventure, Balmat was seen (a most unusual circumstance) lounging in the neighbourhood of the village church, as

the congregation were pouring out after the conclusion of the service. The rigid figure and sullen look of "the wicked miller" formed no pleasant object for the rustics; several of the females as they passed him muttered a holy incantation, or made the sign of the cross on their breast as a preservative against evil; and when the Corryeur family appeared, still more decided indications were shown of their abhorrence and alarm. One of the little boys, who first perceived Gabriel, ran screaming back to his mother, who, catching a sight of the cause of terror, immediately clasped the child closely with one arm, at the same time snatching little Julie towards her, and calling for protection to her husband, who followed her. The latter also perceiving Balmat at the same instant, stepped forward between him and the beloved group, and stood without speaking, but with a look expressive of his determination to defend them against any attempt at ill treatment.

Balmat regarded all these symptoms with a smile of deadly contempt; but it vanished in a moment from his countenance, to give way to an earnest and insinuating look directed to Julie.

Balmat's look, fixed on the handsome and interesting child, spoke almost as plainly as words could have done, "Do you remember me? You do not hate me, in spite of all this hostility?"

Julie certainly caught the spirit of the look, if not quite the letter of its meaning, and she answered it by a smile full of sweetness, sensibility, and good feeling.

"Enough," said Balmat, aloud; "now good morning to you, neighbour Paul! You and your wife may keep your angry looks until there is occasion for them."

With these words he turned away, and poor Corryeur and his wife, alarmed more at the tone and look than at the words themselves, walked silently home to the mill, keeping the children within arm's length all the way, and throwing many a wistful glance around, apprehensive of some hidden treachery at every turn of the road.

A month more passed by, and this untoward encounter was almost forgotten. The continued absence of local annoyance gave hopes to the Corryeurs that Balmat's hostile feelings, were after all subsiding, and honest Paul, and even his less confiding wife, relaxed in their strict measures of precaution, and began to think that they had judged too hastily, and probably looked too harshly, on the memorable day which now began to be distinguished in the recollection and the conversation of the villagers as "Gabriel's Sunday," for the uncommon circumstance of his having been then for the first time seen at the church door.

CHAP. III.

It was now summer. The snows had melted from the mountain pasturage, and the flocks and herds resumed their wonted stations, driven carefully up the hilly paths at dawn, and down again at sunset, to the cadenced monotony of the *Ranz de Vaches*, or the deep-sounding horn. Gabriel Balmat, being a mountaineer as well as a miller, followed, in the summer season especially, the idle, rambling pursuits that he was born to, in a more absolute degree than the steady and regular habits of the calling to which he was brought up. He often took his rifle and joined the chamois hunters of the Brevin or the Buet, or straggled alone to the glaciers, or wandered off to the mines of Fouilly, and wasted precious hours in looking listlessly at the operations of the workmen. His long absences from home were therefore nothing remarkable, and nobody wondered, just at the epoch now in question, that the business of the mill was almost completely neglected by its wayward master; nor did any one trouble themselves with conjectures as to the particular motives which led him thus away. But a faint light soon broke on the darkness of his recent doings.

One morning, soon after sunrise, Balmat returned to his solitary and unsocial home, and found the old woman fatigued with her night's watching, and wondering at the unusual circumstance of his having slept abroad.

"Slept!" echoed Gabriel, in a tone of savage jocularity, "did the sun sleep, old Jean nette, before it rose up into heaven, ere while, and lit the mountain-tops? So much did I sleep and no more. Sleep! no, no! I am not the man to sleep when an enemy is to be injured, or a service rendered to myself, old girl."

"Holy Mary! you have not done any harm to Paul Corryeur?" asked Jeannette, in alarm.

"Make your mind easy, my good old friend, I have not seen him."

"Nor done him a mischief in the dark!"

"Humph! you question me too closely, Jeannette—but nothing can make me angry to-day—so give me a cup of coffee; I must prepare for business."

"For bed you mean, my master, you want repose even more than I do, it seems."

"Repose! not I, Jeannette. I am as light and refreshed as though I had slept since sunset. More so than neighbour Paul will be perhaps when he rises, by and by."

"Well that is strange!" exclaimed the old woman, looking out of the open window; "the old saying holds good; no sooner do we talk of Master Corryeur than he appears!"

"The devil he does!" cried Balmat; "is he here so soon? Let me to bed now, in earnest. Prudence, prudence, Jeannette, as you value your own place, or dread my anger."

So saying he hurried into an inner room, threw off his clothes, and flung himself on the bed. In a moment more Paul Corryeur had reached the house, walked round to the front door, and struck loudly at it for admission. The old woman bobbed towards it, and slowly let him in.

"Where is your master?" asked Corryeur, with a voice almost choked from agitation, "I must speak with him."

"Lord love you, neighbour, he does not talk in his sleep," said the old woman. "Where is he? He is in bed to be sure—what's the matter?"

"The matter, old woman! you know what brings me here," answered Corryeur, with a scrutinizing glance.

"In good troth I do not, and I hope from my heart that no evil has happened to you, Master Corryeur."

"The matter, Jeannette! I have lost my child!"

"Gracious powers!"

"My eldest girl, my Julie—she whom her mother and myself love better than all the rest—God forgive us if it be a sin—perhaps this is for our punishment. You know nothing of her—she is not here!" uttered the father, in rapid agitation.

"No, as I hope for heaven."

"Then I must instantly have speech with Gabriel—let him arise immediately—tell him I am here."

"Assuredly, good Master Corryeur, that would not be the most likely way to make him rise quickly, for you can have no welcome to expect from him."

"Woman, it is my child I expect from him—ay, and that I will have, or his life's blood."

"Hush, hush, Paul Corryeur; if he hear you, it will end badly for one or both of you. What can he know of your little girl? I tell you she isn't here."

"And I tell you that no one knows of her but he and I will tell him so too—and I will not be baffled by your cunning, nor browbeat by his brutality. I am sure that Julie is concealed here. Julie! Julie! speak out, my child—don't be afraid to answer me. It is your father that calls you—Julie! Julie! Julie!"

As Corryeur cried forth in this wild manner for his lost daughter, he stalked up and down the little hall, striking his stick against the doors and presses.

"Halloa! furies and hell! what does all this mean?" roared Balmat from an inner room, and at the noise of his leaping out of bed Jeannette screamed nervously, fearing the consequence of some terrible collision between the two men.

The parlour-door was dashed open, and Balmat plunged into the passage undressed, his blue cotton nightcap on his head, and a drawn cutlass—his constant weapon—in his raised hand. As he appeared, he exclaimed,

"What, robbers in the house! Ha! it is you, neighbour Corryeur. How's this?—is Mont Blanc turned upside down? Is this really you?—and to what do I owe the honour of this early and unlooked for visit?"

"Gabriel Balmat," said Corryeur, stopping short, and looking sternly in the face of him he addressed, "these sarcastic words and that sneering smile come from a hard heart. You know well what brings me here. It needs no miracle to make a half-maddened father seek his child in the place where he is convinced she is hidden. Give her back to me instantly."

"Pray, Monsieur Corryeur, do me the favour to sit down," said Balmat, coolly, and at the same time offering a chair to his angry visitor, who had followed him into the parlour; "I shall be ready to receive you in a fitting dress presently, but really you broke my dreams so suddenly, that I know not what to think of all this—I don't quite understand you."

As Balmat retreated into the inner room, Corryeur mechanically sat down, overcome with astonishment, and shocked by his air of sullen indifference, which the unhappy parent could not suppose coupled with the monstrous guilt of which he suspected and accused him.

"Oh, God! where is she then?" exclaimed Corryeur, starting up again.

"What has become of her?"

And he was on the point of rushing out of the house, when the well-intentioned but timorous old woman interposed between him and the doorway, saying significantly,

"Don't be so hasty, good Master Paul; don't throw away a chance of finding what you seek."

"She is here then, after all? Gabriel has hidden her?" sternly whispered the father.

"No, she is not here; nor do I say he has hidden her," replied Jeannette, in a muttering under voice; "but," added she aloud, "the counsel of a neighbour is worth having in such a case, and it is better for you to take my master's advice than provoke his resentment. You have accused him rashly—he is not a man to bear a wrong tamely."

"Well, well, I'll wait till he is ready," said Corryeur, a gleam of hope flashing across his mind.

He returned into the parlour, and was immediately joined by Balmat, wrapped up in his coarse morning costume.

"Now, neighbour Paul," said the latter, as both at the same time seated themselves, "let me hear what you have to say to me, and remember a drowsy man roused out of his sleep is rarely in a temper to bear hard words, particularly from an enemy. What has happened?"

"Gabriel," replied Corryeur, "we have no need to be enemies. Our fathers were friends before we were born, and God knows I have done nothing to provoke your hatred—have I?"

"Never mind—that has nothing to do with what you are now come about."

"I think it has, Gabriel; but I will forgive you every thing freely, amply—all the evil you have done me for years past, if you will now give me—"

"What?" asked Balmat, fiercely.

"Your advice as to the best means of recovering my poor child," sobbed the unhappy father, held in check by the warning of the old woman, and by Balmat's ferocious tone and look.

"Why what do you take me for, neighbour Corryeur—a conjurer, or a gipsy fortune-teller? What should I know about your children, more than I do of yourself? Which of them have you lost?"

"Which! she that is worth all the rest—my own darling pet, and her mother's too—little Julie."

"Julie—which is that?"

"Not the one that you saved from drowning, Gabriel, but the eldest—she whom you kissed, and who spoke so well of you—she with the black eyes, and long plaited hair. Oh! Balmat, if you have the feelings of a man, think what I suffer, and for the love of heaven, and in mercy to my poor heart, tell me—what you would recommend me to do."

"What put it into your head that she was here?"

"What?—why—because—really I cannot well answer that question—but I suppose it was because I thought you had taken a fancy to her and—"

"Did you think I had kidnapped her?"

"Oh no, no—not at all—but I thought she might have straggled over here from the mill, and just that you had kept her out of a frolic, that's all—that's all," said Corryeur, with a forced smile, and scarce able to restrain his tears.

"I am such a frolicsome fellow, eh, Paul? Now did you ever know me to play a funny trick in your life?" asked Balmat, with a diabolical grin.

"Why, I cannot say I ever did, before; but this time you have done so—confess that you have. Oh, Gabriel, put me out of pain—do, like an honest, good fellow, as I am sure you are after all. Come, come, she is here—you have her safe for me—call her forth, Gabriel—do, do!"

Balmat never winced under the touch of poor Corryeur's palm, which lay upon his shoulder entreatingly, nor did he shrink from the brimful look of supplication sent from the father's eyes. On the contrary, he stared him full in the face and asked him, "What does your wife say to all this?"

"Oh, thank God! she knows nothing of it—she would be distracted if she did. But she was asleep when I left the mill, for she has been up nearly all night nursing the youngest boy, who is sore ailing. No, no, my good Christine knows nothing of it."

"Perhaps she will be able to put you on the right scent—for you are grievously out of it here, friend Paul."

"You don't really say so, Balmat—you do not in earnest deny that Julie is here! I shall go stark mad with this suspense."

"Bah, bah! that would do you no good whatever. Go home quietly to your work, neighbour, and laugh over this little affair with your wife. The stray lamb will no doubt come back of itself."

Poor Corryeur did not know what to think of this bantering tone, accompanied by a fiendish sneer which made him almost shudder. What could he do? It was useless to break out into reproach or menace. He had probably gone too far already in that way—he had no proof. Balmat was not a person to be bullied into anything, right or wrong. Nor was it possible to touch his feelings on the score of compassion. What was the poor father to do?—how could he return home and tell the sad tidings to his wife?

Such were the thoughts that passed through Paul Corryeur's mind, as he rocked himself to and fro on his chair, moaning heavily the while; and as Balmat sat with his arms folded, calmly studying, and deeply enjoying, this picture of intense distress, they were interrupted by old Jeannette, who exclaimed, as she entered the room.

"Well, well, here's a pretty business! may I die if Christine Corryeur, with two of her children, are not coming straight into the house."

"Two! oh, which, which? Is Julie one of them?" cried Corryeur, starting up and rushing forth.

"Very well, Jeannette," said Balmat, "so much the better; let Madame Corryeur come in, and as many of the family as she chooses to bring to her hospitable door. Ha, ha, ha! I shall be glad to see how she bears this business."

Paul met his wife on the threshold of the house. She rushed sobbing into his arms, while he, on seeing that she whom he sought was not in the group, turned deadly pale and faint.

"God help us!" said he, "I thought she had been found."

"Oh, Paul! where is our dear child? when they told me just now that she had disappeared in the night, and that you had gone forth to seek her, I made sure I should find you here, and she with you, but that pale face, those haggard looks, tell me you have not found her. She is not, then, with Gabriel Balmat?"

"He says not—he will not give me any real answer—God knows what I should think or believe."

"Oh, let me speak to him; he will not be deaf to the prayer of a mother with her weeping children," exclaimed the wife, quickly seizing the half frightened boy and girl, one in each hand, and passing into the house.

She went on through the open door into the parlour, where Balmat still sat, with a dogged and imperturbable air; the old woman bustling about to restrain the emotion which she could not quite repress, and was afraid to betray.

"Oh, Monsieur Balmat, will you not tell me the truth about my dear Julie?" was her first question.

"To be sure I will, Madame Corryeur," was the reply.

"I told you he would—I knew it," exclaimed the delighted woman. "Well, Monsieur Balmat?"

"Well! she is lost, and it seems you have small chance of finding her—that is the real truth."

"Good God, what a mockery! How can you smile at our wretchedness! How can you sport so unfeelingly with us! Have you a notion of what we suffer?"

"How should I!—I am not a parent."

"But you are a human being; you cannot be quite dead to all feeling for others."

"Very true; and to prove it, let me tell you that you are now really losing a great deal of precious time. Have you looked well into the mill-stream and the river?" said Balmat, as if to work up the unhappy parents to the greatest excess of fear.

With the mother he succeeded; but on the father his words and look had a contrary effect.

"You may be satisfied, Christine, that all is right," said Corryeur to his wife, "nothing short of a demon could have uttered that sentence if he was not sure of the child's safety."

"And how do you know that I am not a demon?" said Balmat, in his most savage manner, furious at having failed to agonize his victim more completely; "how dare you attribute any feelings to me but what I choose to express? and why do you suppose that I know any thing about your girl? You may be sure of one thing, that if I did know any thing good about her, I would not tell it to you—so you may now leave me to my business, and go about yours."

So saying, he rose from his chair and attempted to leave the room, but Madame Corryeur threw herself between him and the door, and dropping on her knees, caught him by the coat-skirts, and exclaimed,

"Gabriel! Gabriel! as you have a soul to be saved tell me truth—do not sport with me thus. Look at these little ones—on this one, whose life you saved—on me, on a distracted mother; oh, take pity on me. Think of your own mother, Gabriel—what she would have suffered in my place, had she lost you as I have lost my child. Oh, what have you done to her—have you murdered her?"

"Mu—der—ed her!" repeated Balmat, slowly drawing out the terrible word, while his scowling look of reproach, and the livid hue which suddenly overspread his visage, made his aspect altogether terrible.

The children hid their faces in their mother's dress. Corryeur turned his aside; even the old woman accustomed to his looks shrunk away—but the mother quailed not.

"Ay, murdered her! On my oath, and in my conscience, I believe you have—I read the truth in your guilty looks."

These words, uttered with a fierce emphasis of conviction, were followed by a hoarse scream, as the mother started on her feet, and pushed Balmat from beside her.

"Yes, yes," she continued, in frantic accents, "you have murdered my child, villain, murderer! Husband, hasten to the magistrate, denounce the monster, bring the gendarmes to seize him; he shall not escape; I will cling to him and hold him fast. Oh, my child, my child! my poor Julie! Paul fly! it is too late to save our daughter, but not too late for revenge."

As she spoke she endeavoured to seize Balmat, who calmly kept her off, and only answered her rhapsody by a look of diabolical mockery and contempt.

The husband endeavoured to calm her. Old Jeannette interfered for the same purpose. The result of her overstrained agitation was a flood of tears, followed by violent hysterics.

Meanwhile Balmat left the room and the house, and was seen no more at the mill till nightfall. Paul Corryeur did not observe him going out, so occupied was he with his suffering wife; and on her recovery from the fit he led her and his children to their now distracted home, thence to proceed on other inquiries, which he felt by anticipation to be as vain as those we have just recorded.

[To be Continued.]

A COMMODIOUS INN.—The Swan Inn, in Gravesend, has in front, a large board, upon which is painted the following announcement: "Good accommodation for steam-packets."

MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY MARIA CHILD.

Mammoth Cave is situated in the south-west part of Kentucky, about a hundred miles from Louisville, and sixty from the famous Harrodsburgh Springs. The word *cave* is ill calculated to impress the imagination with an idea of its surpassing grandeur. It is, in fact, a subterranean world, containing within itself territories extensive enough for half a score of German principalities. It should be named Titans' Palace, or Cyclops' Grotto. It lies among the Knobs, a range of hills, which border an extent of country like Highland prairies, called The Barrens. The surrounding scenery is lovely—fine woods of oak, hickory, and chestnut, clear of underwood, with smooth, verdant openings, like the parks of English noblemen.

The cave was purchased by Dr. John Croghan for ten thousand dollars. To prevent a disputed title, in case any new and distant opening should be discovered, he has likewise bought a wide circuit of adjoining land. His enthusiasm concerning it is unbounded. It is, in fact, his world; and every newly-discovered chamber fills him with pride and joy like that felt by Columbus, when he first kissed his hand to the fair Queen of the Antilles. He has built a commodious hotel near the entrance, in a style well suited to the place. It is made of logs, filled in with lime, with a fine large porch, in front of which is a beautiful verdant lawn. Near this is a funnel-shaped hollow, of three hundred acres, probably a cave fallen in. It is called Deer Park, because when those animals run into it they cannot escape. Troops of wild deer are to be met with in the immediate vicinity of the hotel, bear hunts are frequent, and game of all kinds abounds.

Walking along the verge of the hollow, a ravine leading to Green River is approached, whence a view of what is supposed to be the main entrance to the cave is commanded. It is a huge cavernous arch, filled in with immense stones, as if giants had piled them there to imprison a conquered demon. No opening has ever been effected here; nor is it easy to be imagined that it could be done by the strength of man.

In rear of the hotel is a deep ravine, densely wooded, and covered with luxuriant vegetable growth. It leads to Green River, and was probably once a water-course. A narrow ravine, diverging from this, leads by a winding path to the entrance of the cave. It is a high arch of rocks, rudely piled, and richly covered with ivy and tangled vines. At the top is a perennial fountain of sweet, cool water, which trickles down continually from the centre of the arch, through the pendant foliage, and is caught in a vessel below. The entrance of this wide arch is somewhat obstructed by a large mound of saltpetre, thrown up by workmen engaged in its manufacture during the last war. In the course of their excavations, they dug up the bones of a gigantic man; but, unfortunately, they buried them again without any memorial to mark the spot. They have been sought for by the curious and scientific, but are not yet found.

Opposite the entrance of the cave, in summer, the temperature changes instantaneously from about 85 degs. to below 60 degs., and you feel chilled as if by the presence of an iceberg; in winter the effect is reversed.

The amount of exertion which can be performed here without fatigue is astonishing. The superabundance of oxygen in the atmosphere operates like moderate doses of exhilarating gas. The traveller feels a buoyant sensation, which tempts him to run and jump, and leap from crag to crag, and bound over the stones in his path, like a fawn at play. The mind, moreover, sustains the body, being kept in a state of delightful activity by continual new discoveries and startling revelations. This excitement continues after the return to the hotel; no one feels the need of cards or politics. The conversation is all about the cave! the cave! and "What shall we see to-morrow?"

The wide entrance to the cavern soon contracts, so that but two can pass abreast. At this place, called the Narrows, the air, from dark depths beyond, blows out fiercely, as if the spirits of the cave had mustered there to drive intruders back to the realms of day. This path continues about fourteen or fifteen rods, and emerges into a wider avenue, floored with saltpetre earth, from which the stones have been removed. This leads directly into the Rotunda, a vast hall, comprising a surface of eight acres, arched with a dome one hundred feet high, without a single pillar to support it. It rests on irregular ribs of dark grey rock, in massive oval rings, smaller and smaller, one seen within another, till they terminate at the top. Perhaps this apartment impresses the traveller as much as any portion of the cave, because from it he receives his first idea of its gigantic proportions. The vastness, the gloom, the impossibility of taking in the boundaries by the light of lamps,—all these produce a deep sensation of awe and wonder.

From the Rotunda the visitor passes into Audubon's Avenue, from eighty to one hundred feet high, with galleries of rock on rock on each side jutting out farther and farther, till they nearly meet at top. This avenue branches out into a vast half-oval hall, called the Church. This contains several projecting galleries, one of them resembling a cathedral choir. There is a gap in the gallery, and at the point of interruption, immediately above, is a rostrum, or pulpit, the rocky canopy of which juts over. The guide leaps up from the adjoining galleries, and places a lamp each side of the pulpit, on flat rocks, which seem made for the purpose. There has been preaching from this pulpit; but, unless it was superior to most theological teaching, it must have been pitifully discordant with the sublimity of the place. Five thousand people could stand in this subterranean temple with ease.

So far all is irregular, jagged rock, thrown together in fantastic masses, without any particular style; but now begins a series of imitations, which grow more and more perfect, in gradual progression, till you arrive at the end. From the church you pass into what is called the Gothic Gallery, from its obvious resemblance to that style of architecture. Here is Mummy Hall; so called because several mummies have been found seated in recesses of the rock. Without any process of embalming, they were in as perfect a state of preservation as the mummies of Egypt; for the air of the cave is so dry and unchangeable, and so strongly impregnated with nitre, that decomposition cannot take place. A mummy found here in 1813, was the body of a woman, five feet ten inches high, wrapped in half-dressed deer-skins, on which were rudely drawn white veins and leaves. At the feet lay a pair of mocassins, and a handsome knapsack made of bark, containing strings of small shining seeds; necklaces of bears' teeth, eagles' claws, and fawns' red hoofs; whistles made of cane; two rattlesnakes' skins, one having on it fourteen rattles; coronets for the head, made of erect feathers of rooks and eagles; smooth needles of horn and bone, some of them crooked, like sail-needles; deer's sinews, for sewing, and a parcel of three-corded thread, resembling twine. I believe one of these mummies is now in the British Museum.

From Mummy Hall you pass into Gothic Avenue, where the resemblance to Gothic architecture very perceptibly increases. The wall juts out in pointed arches, and pillars, on the sides of which are various grotesque combinations of rock. One is an elephant's head. The tusks, and sleepy eyes, are quite perfect; the trunk, at first very distinct, gradually recedes, and is lost in the rock.

On another pillar is a lion's head; on another, a human head with a wig, called Lord Lyndhurst, from its resemblance to that dignitary.

From this gallery you can step into a side cave, in which is an immense pit, called the Lover's Leap. A huge rock, fourteen or fifteen feet long, like an elongated sugar-loaf running to a sharp point, projects halfway over this abyss. It makes one shudder to see the guide walk almost to the end of this projectile bridge, over such an awful chasm.

As you pass along the Gothic Avenue narrows, until you come to a porch composed of the first separate columns in the cave. The stalactite and stalagmite formations unite in these irregular masses of brownish-yellow, which when the light shines through them, look like transparent amber. They are solorous as a clear-toned bell. A pendant mass, called the Bell, has been unfortunately broken by being struck too powerfully.

The porch of columns leads to the Gothic Chapel, which has the circular form appropriate to a true church. A number of pure stalactite columns fill the nave with arches, which in many places form a perfect Gothic roof. The stalactites fall in rich festoons, strikingly similar to the highly-ornamented chapel of Henry the VIIIth. Four columns in the centre form a separate arch by themselves, like trees twisted into a grotto, in all irregular and grotesque shapes. Under this arch stands Wilkins' Arm-Chair, a stalactite formation, well adapted to the human figure. This chapel is the most beautiful specimen in Gothic in the cave. Two or three of the columns have richly-foliated capitals, like the Corinthian.

Turning back to the main avenue, and striking off in another direction, the visitor enters a vast room, with several projecting galleries, called the Ball-Room; here the proprietor intends to assemble a brilliant dancing party this season. In close vicinity, as if arranged by the severer school of theologians, is a large amphitheatre, called Satan's Council Chamber. From the centre rises a mountain of big stones, rudely piled one above another, in a gradual slope, nearly one hundred feet high. On the top rests a huge rock, large as a house, called Satan's Throne. The vastness, the gloom, partially illuminated by the glare of lamps, forcibly remind one of Lucifer on his throne, as represented by Martin, in his illustrations of Milton. It requires little imagination to transform the uncouth rocks all round the throne into attendant demons. Indeed, throughout the cave Martin's pictures are continually brought to mind by the unearthly effect of intense gleams of light on black masses of shadow. In this Council Chamber the rocks, with singular appropriateness, change from an imitation of Gothic architecture to that of the Egyptian. The dark, massive walls, resembling a series of Egyptian tombs in dull and heavy outline. In this place is an angle, which forms the meeting-point of several caves, and is therefore considered one of the finest points of view. Here parties usually stop, and make arrangements to kindle the Bengal lights, which travellers always carry with them. It has a strange and picturesque effect to see groups of people dotted about, at different points of view, their lamps hidden behind stones, and the light streaming into the thick darkness through chinks in the rocks. When the Bengal lights begin to burn, a strong glare is cast on Satan's throne, the whole of the vast amphitheatre is revealed to view, and you can peer into the deep recesses of two other caves beyond. For a few moments gigantic proportions and uncouth forms stand out in the clear, strong gush of brilliant light! and then all is darkness. The effect is so like magic, that one almost expects to see towering genii striding down the steep declivities, or startled by the brilliant flare, shake off their long sleep among the dense black shadows.

If you enter one of the caves revealed in the distance, you find yourself in a deep ravine, with huge piles of grey rock jutting out more and more, till they nearly meet at top. Looking upward through this narrow aperture, you see, high above you, a vaulted roof of black rock, studded with brilliant spar, like constellations in the sky, seen at midnight, from deep clefts of a mountain. This is called the Star Chamber. It makes one think of Schiller's grand description of William Tell sternly awaiting for Gessler among the shadows of the Alps.

In this neighbourhood is a vast, dreary chamber, which Stephen, the guide, called Bandit's Hall, the first moment his eye rested on it; and the name is singularly expressive of its character. Its ragged roughness and sullen gloom are indescribable. The floor is a mountainous heap of loose stones, and not an inch of even surface could be found on roof or walls. Imagine two or three travellers, with their lamps, passing through this place of evil aspect. The deep, suspicious-looking recesses, and frightful crags are but partially revealed in the feeble light. All at once a Bengal light blazes up, and every black rock and frowning cliff stands out in the brilliant glare. The contrast is sublime beyond imagination. It is as if a man had seen the hills and trees of this earth only in the dim outline of a moonless night, and they should for the first time be revealed to him in the gushing glory of the morning sun.

But the greatest wonder in this region of the cave is Mammoth Dome—a giant among giants. It is so immensely high and vast that three of the most powerful Bengal lights illuminate it very imperfectly. That portion of the ceiling which becomes visible is three hundred feet above your head, and remarkably resembles the aisles of Westminster Abbey. It is supposed that the top of this dome is near the surface of the ground.

Another route from Satan's Council Chamber conducts you to a smooth, level path, called Pensacola Avenue. Here are numerous formations of crystallized gypsum, but not as beautiful or as various as are found further on. From various slopes and openings, caves above and below are visible. The Mecca's shrine of this pilgrimage is Angelica's Grotto, completely lined and covered with the largest and richest dog's-tooth spar. A clergyman, who visited the place a few years since, laid his sacrilegious hands upon it while the guide's back was turned toward him. He coolly demolished a magnificent mass of spar, sparkling most conspicuously on the very centre of the arch, and wrote his own insignificant name in its place. This was his fashion of securing immortality! It is well that fairies and giants are powerless in the nineteenth century, else had the indignant genii of the cave crushed his bones to impalpable powder.

If you pass behind Satan's Throne, by a narrow ascending path, you come into a vast hall, where there is nothing but naked rock. This empty, dreary place, is appropriately called the Deserted Chamber. Walking along the verge, you arrive at another avenue, enclosing sulphur springs. Here the guide warns you of the vicinity of a pit, one hundred and twenty feet deep, in the shape of a saddle. Stooping over it, and looking upward, you see an abyss of precisely the same shape over your head; a fact which indicates that it began in the upper region, and was merely interrupted by this chamber.

From this you may enter a narrow and very tortuous path, called the Labyrinth, which leads to an immense split, or chasm, in the rocks. Here is placed a ladder, down which you descend twenty-five or thirty feet, and enter a narrow cave below, which brings you to a combination of rock called the Gothic Window. You stand in this recess, while the guide ascends huge cliffs overhead, and kindles Bengal lights, by the help of which you see, two hundred feet above

you, a Gothic dome of one solid rock, perfectly overawing in its vastness and height. Below is an abyss of darkness, which no eye but the Eternal can fathom.

If, instead of descending the ladder, you pass straight alongside the chasm, you arrive at the Bottomless Pit, beyond which no one ever ventured to proceed, till 1838. To this fact we probably owe the meagre account given by Lieber, in his *Encyclopædia Americana*. He says, "This cave is more remarkable for extent than the variety or beauty of its productions; having none of the beautiful stalactites found in many other caves."

For a long period this pit was considered bottomless, because when stones were thrown into it, they reverberated along the sides, till lost to the ear, but seemed to find no resting-place. It has since been sounded, and found to be one hundred and forty feet deep, with a soft muddy bottom, which returns no noise when a stone strikes upon it. In 1838, the adventurous Stephen threw a ladder across the chasm, and passed over. There is now a narrow bridge of two planks, with a little railing on each side; but, as it is impossible to sustain it by piers, travellers must pass over in the centre one by one, and not touch the railing, lest they disturb the balance, and overturn the bridge.

This walk brings you into Pensicola Avenue. Hitherto the path has been rugged, wild, and rough, interrupted by steep acclivities, rocks, and big stones; but this avenue has a smooth and level floor, as if the sand had been spread out by gently flowing waters. Through this, descending more and more, you come to a deep arch, by which you enter the Winding Way; a strangely irregular and zigzag path, so narrow that a very stout man could not squeeze through. In some places the rocks at the sides are on a line with your shoulders, then piled high over your head; and then, again, you rise above and overlook them all, and see them heaped behind you, like the mighty waves of the Red Sea, parted for the Israelites to pass through. This toilsome path was evidently made by a rushing, winding torrent. Toward the close, the water, not having force enough to make a smooth bed, has bored a tunnel. This is so low, and narrow that the traveller is obliged to stoop, and squeeze himself through. Suddenly he passes into a vast hall, called the Great Relief; and a relief it is to stretch one's cramped and weary limbs.

This leads into the River Hall, at the side of which you have a glimpse of a small cave, called the Smoke-house, because it is hung with rocks perfectly in the shape of hams. The River Hall descends like the slope of a mountain; the ceiling stretches away—away before you, vast and grand as the firmament at midnight. No one who has never seen this cave with which the traveller keeps his eyes fixed on the rocky ceiling, which gradually revealed in the passing light, continually exhibits some new and unexpected feature of sublimity or beauty.

One of the most picturesque sights in the world is to see a file of men and women passing along these wild and scraggy paths, moving slowly—slowly—that their lamps may have time to illuminate the sky-like ceiling and gigantic walls,—disappearing behind high cliffs, sinking into ravines, their lights shining upward through fissures in the rocks, then suddenly emerging from some abrupt angle, standing in the bright gleam of their lamps, relieved against the towering black masses around them. He who could paint the infinite variety of creation can alone give an adequate description of this marvellous region.

At one side of River Hall is a steep precipice, over which you can look down, by aid of blazing missiles, upon a broad black sheet of water, eighty feet below, called the Dead Sea. This is an awfully impressive place, the sights and sounds of which do not easily pass from memory. He who has seen it will have it vividly brought before him by Alfieri's description of Filippo: "Only a transient word or act gives us a short and dubious glimmer, that reveals to us the abysses of his being; dark, lurid, and terrific as the throat of the infernal pool."

As you pass along, you hear the roar of invisible waterfalls; and at the foot of the slope the River Styx lies before you, deep and black, overarched with rock. The first glimpse of it brings to mind the descent of Ulysses into hell,

"Where the dark rock o'erhangs the infernal lake,
And mingling streams eternal murmurs make."

Across these unearthly waters the guide can convey but two passengers at once, and these sit motionless in the canoe, with feet turned apart, so as not to disturb the balance. Three lamps are fastened to the prow, the images of which are reflected in the dismal pool.

If you are impatient of delay, or eager for new adventures, you can leave your companions lingering about the shore, and across the Styx by a dangerous bridge of precipices overhead. In order to do this, you must ascend a steep cliff, and enter a cave above, from an egress of which you find yourself on the bank of the river, eighty feet above its surface, commanding a view of those passing in the boat, and those waiting on the shore. Seen from this height, the lamps in the canoe glare like fiery eyeballs; and the passengers sitting there, so hushed and motionless, look like shadows. The scene is so strangely funereal and spectral, that it seems as if the Greeks must have witnessed it before they imagined Charon conveying ghosts to the dim regions of Pluto. Your companions, thus seen, do indeed

"Skim along the dusky glades,
Thin airy shoals, and visionary shades."

If you turn your eye from the canoe to the parties of men and women whom you left waiting on the shore, you will see them, by the gleam of their lamps, scattered in picturesque groups, looming out in bold relief from the dense darkness around them.

When you have passed the Styx, you soon meet another stream, appropriately called Lethe. The echoes here are absolutely stunning. A single voice sounds like a powerful choir; and could an organ be played, it would deprive the hearer of his senses. When you have crossed, you enter a high level hall, named the Great Walk, half a mile of which brings you to another river, called the Jordan. In crossing this, the rocks in one place descend so low, as to leave only eighteen inches for the boat to pass through. Passengers are obliged to double up, and lie on each other's shoulders, till this gap is passed. This uncomfortable position is, however, of short duration, and you suddenly emerge to where the vault of the cave is more than a hundred feet high. In the fall of the year this river often rises, almost instantaneously, over fifty feet above low-water-mark: a phenomenon supposed to be caused by heavy rains from the upper earth. On this account, autumn is an unfavourable season for those who wish to explore the cave throughout.

If parties happen to be caught on the other side of Jordan when the sudden rise takes place, a boat conveys them on the swollen waters to the level of an upper cave, so low, that they are obliged to enter on hands and knees, and crawl through. This place is called Purgatory. People on the other side, aware of their danger, have a boat in readiness to receive them.

The guide usually sings while crossing the Jordan, and his voice is reverberated by a choir of sweet echoes. The only animals ever found in the cave are fish,

with which this stream abounds. They are perfectly white, and without eyes; at least they have been subjected to a careful scientific examination, and no organ similar to an eye can be discovered. It would, indeed, be a useless appendage to creatures that dwell for ever in Cimmerian darkness; but, as usual, the acuteness of one sense is increased by the absence of another. These fish are undisturbed by the most powerful glare of light, but they are alarmed at the slightest agitation of the waters, and it is, therefore, exceedingly difficult to catch them.

The rivers of Mammoth Cave were never crossed till 1840. Great efforts have been made to discover whence they come, and whither they go; but, though the courageous Stephen has floated for hours up to his chin, and forced his way through the narrowest apertures under the dark waves, so as to leave merely his head a breathing space, yet they still remain as much a mystery as ever,—without beginning or end, like eternity. They disappear under arches, which, even at the lowest stage of the water, are under the surface of it.

From some unknown cause, it sometimes happens in the neighbourhood of these streams that the figure of a distant companion will apparently loom up to the height of ten or twelve feet as he approaches you. This occasional phenomenon is somewhat terrific even to the most rational observer, occurring as it does in a region so naturally associated with giants and genii.

From the Jordan, through Silliman's Avenue, you enter a high narrow defile, or pass, in a portion of which, called the Hanging Rocks, huge masses of stone hang suspended over your head. At the side of this defile is a recess called the Devil's Blacksmith's Shop. It contains a rock shaped like an anvil, with a small inky current running near it, and quantities of coarse stalagmite scattered about, precisely like blacksmith's cinders called slag. In another place you pass a square rock, covered with beautiful dog's-tooth spar, called the Mile Stone.

This pass brings you into Wellington's Gallery, which tapers off to a narrow point, apparently the end of the cave in this direction; but a ladder is placed on one side, by which you ascend to a small cleft in the rock, through which you are at once ushered into a vast apartment, discovered about two years ago. This is the commencement of Cleveland's Avenue, the crowning wonder and glory of this subterranean world! At the head of the ladder you find yourself surrounded by overhanging stalactites, in the form of rich clusters of grapes, transparent to the light, hard as marble, and round and polished, as if done by a sculptor's hand. This is called Mary's Vineyard.

From the Vineyard an entrance to the right brings you into a perfectly naked cave, whence you suddenly pass into a large hall with magnificent columns, and rich festoons of stalactite, in various forms of beautiful combination. In the centre of this chamber, between columns of stalactite, stands a mass of stalagmite, shaped like a sarcophagus, in which is an opening like a grave. A Roman Catholic priest first discovered this, about a year ago, and with fervent enthusiasm exclaimed, "The Holy Sepulchre!" a name which it has since borne.

To the left of Mary's Vineyard is an inclosure like an arbour, the ceiling and sides of which are studded with snow-white crystallized gypsum, in the form all sorts of flowers. It is impossible to convey an idea of the exquisite beauty and infinite variety of these delicate formations. In some places roses and lilies seem cut on the rock in bas-relief; in others, a graceful bell rises on a long stalk, so slender that it bends at a breath. One is an admirable imitation of Indian corn in tassel, the silky fibres as fine and flexible as can be imagined; another is a group of ostrich plumes, so downy that a zephyr waves it. In some nooks were little parks of trees, in others gracefully curved leaves, like the acanthus, rose from the very bosom of the rock.

Near this room is the Snow Chamber, the roof and sides of which are covered with particles of brilliant white gypsum as if snow-balls had been dashed all over the walls. In another apartment the crystals are all in the form of rosettes. In another, called Rebecca's Garland, the flowers have all arranged themselves into wreaths. Each seems to have a style of formation peculiar to itself, though of infinite variety. Days might be spent in these superb grottoes without becoming familiar with half their hidden glories. One could imagine that an antediluvian giant had here imprisoned some fair daughter of earth, and then, in pity for her loneliness, had employed fairies to deck her bowers with all the splendours of earth and ocean; like poor Amy Robsart in the solitary halls of Cunnor. Bengal lights kindled in these beautiful retreats produce an effect more gorgeous than any theatrical representation of fairy-land; but they smoke the pure white incrustations, and the guide is, therefore, very properly, reluctant to have them used. The reflection from the shining walls is so strong, that lamp-light is quite sufficient. Moreover, these wonderful formations need to be examined slowly, and in detail. The universal glitter of Bengal lights is worthless in comparison.

From Rebecca's Garland you come into a vast hall of great height, covered with shining drops of gypsum, like oozing water petrified. In the centre is a large rock, four feet high, and level at top, round which several hundred people can sit conveniently. This is called Cornelia's Table, and is frequently used for parties to dine upon. In this hall, and in Wellington's Gallery, are vast deposits of fibrous gypsum, snow-white, dry, and resembling asbestos. Geologists, who sometimes take up their abode in the cave for weeks, and other travellers, who choose to remain over-night, find this a very pleasant and comfortable bed.

Cornelia's Table is a safe centre, from which individuals may diverge on little exploring expeditions; for the paths here are not labyrinthine, and the hall is conspicuous from various neighbouring points of view. In most regions of the cave it is hazardous to lose sight of the guide. If you think to walk straight ahead, even for a few rods, and then turn short round, and return to him, you will find it next to impossible. So many paths come in at acute angles; they look so much alike, and the light of a lamp reveals them so imperfectly, that none but the practised eye of a guide can disentangle their windings. A gentleman who retraced a few steps near the entrance of the cave, to find his hat, lost his way so completely that he was not found for forty-eight hours, though twenty or thirty people were in search of him. Parties are occasionally mustered and counted, to see that none are missing. Should such an accident happen, there is no danger if the wanderer will remain stationary; for he will soon be missed, and a guide sent after him.

From the hall of coagulated drops you may branch off into a succession of small caves, called Cecilia's Grottoes. Here nearly all the beautiful formations of the surrounding caves, such as grapes, flowers, stars, leaves, coral, &c., may be found so low, that you can conveniently examine their minutest features. One of these little recesses, covered with sparkling spar, set in silvery gypsum, is called Diamond Grotto. Alma's Bower closes this series of wonderful formations. As a whole, they are called Cleveland's Cabinet, in honour of the professor of mineralogy and geology at Bowdoin College.

A distinguished geologist has said, that he believed Cleveland's Avenue, two miles in length, contained a petrified form of every vegetable production. If

this be too large a statement, it is at least safe to say that its variety is almost infinite. Among its other productions, are large piles of Epsom salts, beautifully crystallized. Travellers have shown such wanton destructiveness in this great temple of Nature, mutilating beautiful columns, knocking off spar, and crushing delicate flowers, that the rules are now very strict. It is allowable to touch nothing except the ornaments which have loosened and dropped by their own weight. These are often hard enough to bear transportation.

After you leave Alma's bower, the cave again becomes very rugged. Beautiful combinations of gypsum and spar may still be seen occasionally over-head; but all round you rocks and stones are piled up in the wildest manner. Through such scraggy scenery you come to the Rocky Mountains, an irregular pile of massive rocks, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high. From these you can look down into Dismal Hollow—deep below deep—the most frightful looking place in the whole cave. On the top of the mountain is a beautiful rotunda, called Croghan Hall, in honour of the proprietor. Stalactites surround this in the richest fringe of icicles, and lie scattered about the walls in all shapes, as if arranged for a museum. On one side is a stalagmite formation like a pine-tree, about five feet high, with regular leaves and branches; another is in pyramidal form, like a cypress.

If you wind down the mountains, or the side opposite from that which you ascended, you will come to Serena's Arbour, which is thirteen miles from the entrance of the cave, and the end of this avenue. A most beautiful termination it is! In a semi-circle of stalactite columns is a fountain of pure water spouting up from a rock. This fluid is as transparent as air, all the earthy particles it ever held in suspension having been long since precipitated. The stalactite formations in this arbour are remarkably beautiful.

One hundred and sixty-five avenues have been discovered in Mammoth Cave, the walk through which is estimated at about three hundred miles. In some places, you descend more than a mile into the bowels of the earth. The poetic-minded traveller, after he has traced all the labyrinths, departs with lingering reluctance. As he approaches the entrance, daylight greets him with new and startling beauty. If the sun shines directly on the verdant sloping hill, and the waving trees, seen through the arch, they seem like fluid gold; if mere daylight rest upon them, they resemble molten silver. This remarkable appearance is doubtless owing to the contrast with the thick darkness to which the eye has been so long accustomed.

As you come out of the cave, the temperature of the air rises 30 degrees instantly (if the season is summer,) and you feel as if plunged into a hot vapour-bath; but the effects of this are salutary and not unpleasant.

Nature never seems so marvellous as it does when you emerge from this hidden realm of marvellous imitations. The "dear goddess" is so serene in her resplendent and more harmonious beauty! The gorgeous amphitheatre of trees, the hills, the sky, and the air, all seem to wear a veil of glory. You feel that you were never before conscious how beautiful a phenomenon is the sunlight, how magnificent the blue arch of heaven!

There are three guides at the service of travellers, all well versed in the intricate paths of this nether world. Stephen, the presiding genius of Mammoth Cave, is a Mulatto and a slave. He has lived in this strange region from boyhood; and a large proportion of the discoveries are the result of his courage, intelligence, and untiring zeal. His vocation has brought him into contact with many intelligent and scientific men, and he has great quickness of perception and a prodigious memory, he has profited much by intercourse with superior minds. He can recollect everybody that ever visited the cave, and all the terms of geology and mineralogy are at his tongue's end. He is extremely attentive, and peculiarly polite to ladies. Like most of his race, he is fond of grandiloquent language, and his rapturous expressions, as he lights up some fine point of view, are at times fine specimens of glorification. His knowledge of the place is ample and accurate, and he is altogether an extremely useful and agreeable guide. May his last breath be a free one!

UNITED SERVICES.

I was a few days ago at Chelsea, and fell in with a soldier of the old school, who had served from childhood, having at a very early age embarked with his father, a corporal in an infantry regiment, ordered to America, with the full expectation of defeating the rebellious colonists; and though, from the period of quitting his native country—Ireland—Dennis Macallister had never visited it, he still retains his rich brogue in as primitive expression as when a boy he took his departure. My first acquaintance with Dennis was on board an East India ship, in which I came home a passenger from Madras; and as I had no servant with me, I was much indebted to this worthy fellow for many acts of kind attention during a severe attack of fever, that confined me for several weeks to my cabin. Grateful recollections induce me to visit him sometimes, and though now considerably on the wrong side of seventy, yet his gaiety and vivacity are undiminished, and he may very appropriately be classed amongst the veterans who are characteristically hailed by familiars and comrades as "Old boys."

"Well, Dennis," said I, "and how does the world use you; how stand your health?"

"Oh, then sure, an' it was niver better, Sir," answered he, with quickness; "barring it isn't in me to move about so smart as when I was a bit gossoon; there's nothing in life trouble me except in regard of my old bones getting an attack of the rheumatiz from lying on the damp ground." I looked doubtfully at him. "That's not now I mane, Sir, but in Ameriky and Ingey, and them places, where many a night we had the cowl'd earth for our bed, and the knapsack or a clane sod for a pillow."

"That would be a hard couch for our stay-at-home young gentlemen, Dennis," remarked I, "the dangles in theatres and ball-rooms."

"Faith, an' you may say that, Sir, and divel a word of a lie in it, saving your presence," answered he; "and yet, Sir, I've seen many a fine noble young officer come to head-quarters as smart as a new fiddle, and fancying that he had the globe of the world upon his shoulders—as who but he—that very soon forgot all about the great houses and fine squares, when roosted under his canvas tint after a hard day's march, or formed into a solid body—that's the regiment I mane, Sir—to repel the charge of an enemy. By the powers, but there's a good deal in blood any how, as meself well knows in regard of them in the ould country—long life to it! and there's nothing like active sarvice, Sir, to fetch it out of you, as your honour can tell, in regard of the many skrimages you've been in;" he looked archly at me whilst uttering this compliment, as if he meant it to tell in the right place.

"You have taken the temperance pledge, I suppose, Dennis," remarked I; "it would be utterly impossible for you to taste a drop of whisky now."

"Well, then, Sir," replied he, with something rather positive in his manner, "its meself as stands pledged to meself not to get drunk at all; and sure I'd be a blackguard to meself to break it. But as for tay-totalism, it's no call I'll

have to it any how, seeing as cowl'd water arn't quite strong enough to nourish the cockles of the heart of a man who has been in both Injees, and among the fogs of Ameriky to boot. What would I do, Sir, without a dthrop of the darlin' now and then?"

"I must allow, you always had the credit of being a sober man, Dennis," observed I; "and it certainly is better to exercise self-control voluntarily, than to place one's self under a ban or penalty that may act compulsory; I am glad to find you still retain your character."

The veteran looked at me with a droll smile of infinite humour, as he uttered, "Maybe your honour fancies I always had that ka-rack-ter!" and he shook his head.

"At all events, whatever you may have been in your more juvenile days, Dennis," said I, "it ought to be a source of congratulation that you are able to restrain yourself now. But, pray, if ever you have been a drinker, how came you to discontinue it?"

"An' I'll tell you that same, Sir," answered he, with quickness; "not as ever I was often intoxicated when there was little or no liquor to be got; but, Sir, it bothers a lad intirely when he's in the land of plenty, to be probobligated from touching a dthrop, and lashins of it to the fore;—it's the probobligation as does it, Sir, and not altogether the love of the stuff. But it was a small fright as I got, that made me cautious in regard of taking too much,—so it was, and maybe I niver forgot to remember it ever after."

"But what was the nature of your fright, Dennis?" inquired I, anxious to know the real state of the case, and expecting to hear a rattling ghost story; "it must have been something very alarming to have terrified a stout heart like yours, old boy."

"Faith, an' you may say that, Sir, and no ontruth eather," replied he, as we sat ourselves down in a room near the river's side, and I called for the beverage each liked best. "Sure an' it was a fright, any how. You must have heard of a royal Duke in the army, Sir—a great disciplinarian they called him, for he'd been drilled and rared in the Prussian army when a young man; an army in which, if a man has got anything in the shape of a soul, he never dared to call it his own. I'm towld they're more like tommytons (automatons, I suppose he meant) than natral born Christians, the crators. Well, it was among the Jar-mans and Prussians as his Royal Highness larned his duty as an officer, and when he came to have a command in the British sarvice, in course he thried to introduce the severity under which he himself had been brought up. But it went mightily again the grain with the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates to be trated like Dutch dolls, and them free-born sons of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales to boot. Orders, however, were orders, and must be obeyed; and the hair was rubbed all over with soap, and then greased with flour, till every head and tail looked like a snow-ball with a handle to it; and the hot sun melting the snow till it run down like milk upon the jacket and coutryments as we had to keep clane and dacent. And a hard horny stiff collar round the neck, like a top-boot scrubbing the very sowl out of a fellow's chin if he dared to look round; but which, in regard of regglylations, he warn't allowed to do, without twisting his whole body at the same time. Sure, an' it wasn't in rayson to expect poor devils to undergo such torture, and niver a taste from the canteen to comfort them. But his Royal Highness—he was a Major-General then, and commanded the troops in one of the West Ingee Islands—wouldn't allow sufficient to keep life in a muscle—even the rations of liquor was only half sarved out, which your honour must grant, was anything but rational in a climate where it was no joke to supply the waste of blood drawn off by the musketoes."

"Oh, the imps," exclaimed I, as old feelings and recollections caused me to shudder, and at the same time strongly inclined to laugh at Dennis's exaggerated reason for excessive drinking.

"Ah, I sees as you understand me, Sir," continued he; "sure and them musketoes is the very devil at it. Well, Sir, there was drills and parades, and field-days, under a broiling sun and no end to 'em, till the men got almost dthried up to dust for the want of a little moisture, and so they tumbled away quite fast, for divel a sup of anything could they get but bad wather to keep them sticking together. Now, your honour, there was plenty of good liquor, and lashins of it, to be got on the island; but as I towld you afore, it was probobligated in regard of his Royal Highness giving strict orders that every soldier seen in that part of the town where liquor was sowld, should be seized up to the triangles and forthwith flogged without benefit of clargy. And flogging enough there was, I'll engage, for the Duke insisted that it was the liquor that killed the men, and the men declared that they were kilt intirely for the wants of it, and that made them die; so you may persave, Sir, it was a murther of dispute betwixt the two, and if they didn't carry on the war gloriously, small blame to 'em for that. The Duke had his missaries always on the look-out, and maybe they didn't take a sly nip themselves when they could; and there was a system of spyage as made every man afraid of his comrade—so it did

"Amongst the Duke's favourites—and he had several, your honour," proceeded Dennis, "there was one, a sleek, sneaking, greasy-faced fellow, as we used to call 'the pet orderly,' for his Royal Highness consulted him on most occasions, and the hypocrite never failed to creep into the good graces of the General. Nobody liked the spalpeen, and but for the Duke, he would have been kicked about like a widow's pig, for he hadn't a haporth of the raal soldier in him, in regard of true courage. The officers hated him; for right or wrong, they suspected him of carrying tales to the General, and many a poor sowl of a private scored up the lashes he received to his account—och, then, but he was a broth of a boy for mischief. I owns, Sir, that in regard to the disparagement betune the Duke and the men, I couldn't but side with the men, seeing, as was plain to everybody, even the doctors themselves, that the greatest dthrinkers died the hardest, and, in course, were the strongest men. And in good consequence I used to visit the grog-shops to increase my strength; and I won't deny, Sir, that I didn't stand very nice about the quantity I swallowed, as I wished to prove the Duke was in the wrong."

"Oue morning, however—oh, it was a bright and a beautiful morning—just bringing St. Patrick's day into the glorious sunshine, when, having passed most of the night without lave out of the barracks, and with my own license, in the liquor store,—the small sense I had left in me jogged my memory that it would be safest to get back again before the first parade, and the chances were in my favour that I shouldn't be missed; but the difficulty was, your honour, which way I was to do it, for my legs set my will at defiance, and got into open mutiny—they wouldn't carry me straight, but kept crossing over one another backwards and forwards in the most onnatral fashion in life. Now, Sir, I had onwly been dthinking in honour of that darlin' of a saint that is pathron of my country—and a gentleman of a saint he is any day and every day of the week, blessings on his name—and thinks I to myself, 'Sure, an' it's not the dacent thing for my legs to be after thrating me in this manner on such an occasion.' Oh, howly Saint Patrick, aint I suffering for you this blessed morning! But all I could say wouldn't make my onruly members steady; and I stumbled and

staggered as if I had really been intoxicated, though it was nothing more than the potency and fervency of devotion, and 'Oh, howly Saint Patrick,' says I, 'isn't it meself as is suffering for yez?'

"Suffering, indeed," says a voice close by my side, 'it's dthunk ye are—you baste'; and so I looks up, and by the powers, there were two stout gentlemen arm in arm, as well as I could make the thing out, standing right forenent me; an 'it's dthunk you are—ye baste!' says both on 'em with one voice, and that made me more cute as to the quareness of the matter, that two men should spake at once.

"It's yer pardon I'm axing, by the lave of your honours," says I; 'but I must beg to differ from you both intirely,' says I, 'in regard of my being dthunk; isn't this Saint Patrick's day, and hasn't meself been at my devotions?' says I.

"You know it is contrary to orders, my man," says the two gentlemen, both spaking at once, 'for you to be in this part of the town—and how came you out of barracks?' says they.

"Well, your honours," says I, 'sure an I'm bothered intirely in regard of that same; out, oh, Saint Patrick look down upon me, for aint I suffering for yez,' says I.

"Are there any more of you at the grog-shops?" axes the two gentlemen in the same breath.

"Grog-shops, yer honours!" says I, quite innocently, 'and what'll they be, yer honours?' says I, and I looked more cutely, and made out that the two gentlemen were dressed exactly alike in plain clothes, and it would have been a difficult thing for a sober man to tell one of them from the t'other one—no two paise in a pod were better brothers. But the plain clothes made me boulder. 'They're not officers,' says my thoughts, 'an so Dennis ye're safe this bout'; an 'May I ax yer honours,' says I, 'what call you have to terrorgate me, seeing as you don't belong to the Army.'

"Not—not belong to the Army!" says they both together, 'not belong to the Army, eh? Why, sirrah, do you know who I am?'

"Sorrah the bit," says I, 'barring ye're a pair of civilians out upon a spree,' says I.

"Then, sirrah, know that I am His Royal Highness the General," says they in one voice, that flabbergasted me into a mighty confusion of the brains.

"Two Generals," says I, 'an two Royal Highnesses,—may yer Majesty's honour an glory never fade, but shine like the sun at noonday, when he kisses the moon.'

"Worse an worser," says they, 'dthunk an insolent—very soldierlike qualities; but we must tache you better, my man.'

"Thanky, yer Roy—Royal Highness," says I, 'but it's meself as is terribly confounded in regard of it,—though, may be, it's seeing double I am,—an Oh, howly Saint Patrick, aint I suffering for you—'

"Come with me, my man," said the voice, and so I follows them,—for they stuck to each other like cobbler's wax,—till we got to a store, and the gentlemen both turned to writing at once, and then I made sure it was some dively of double-dealing, and the letter was sealed up, an 'Take this to your Curnel,' says the two Dukes, for I made 'em out well enough, ownly it pothered me entirely as there was two Dukes and two Royal Highnesses, an two Major-Generals, that there shouldn't be half-a-dozen of 'em altogether, instead of a couple. 'Take this to your Curnel, without a moment's delay,' says they, 'an niver let me see you in a state of shebriety again.'

"God bless every one o' your noble hearts," says I; 'sure an the Curnel's honour shall get it in no time.' But something misgave me, Sir, as they turned away, an' the letter had a desaving look about it, multiplying itself into ever so many, till I thought I could have filled a penny-postman's bag with 'em, and yet there was ownly one in my hand; and then I recollected that the Prince had muttered something about 'Corporal, stripes,' an 'sure it's a made man I am,' says I, 'and the General manes me to be a Corporal. Long life to Saint Patrick, an more power to the Duke's elbow.'

"Well, your honour, I moves forward by a retrograde movement that watted me from side to side of the road, like a crab a horse-racing; and as I was thinking about the letter and the Corporal's stripes, when who should come up but the 'Pet Orderly.'

"Have you seen His Royal Highness this way?" says he, and he then mumbled to himself, though I heard the chate, 'It's no use axing you, for you can see nothing.'

"There ye're out, my fine fellow," says I, 'for, by the powers, I've been seeing double for this hour past,—an there's two of you there to the fore. Yes, I have seen His Royal Highnesses—'

"And not under confinement?" says he with a malicious grin. 'That's very strange to—'

"Sthrange, is it?" says I, grinning at him again; 'an may be it is sthrange; but howly Saint Patrick, this is your own blessed day of all others, and who could upbrogue one of your devotees for taking the shine of the morning to you?'

"How," drawled out the orderly, 'Saint Patrick's day, is it? And did the General spake to you?'

"Troth an he did that thing," says I, 'the heavens be his bed. An he towld me to keep sober, and spoke quite kindly in regard of my suffering for Saint Patrick,—an 'take this letter,' says the General, 'you'll meet my orderly, who is coming after me. Give this letter to him, with orders to hurry with it to the barracks for Curnel.—' 'I will, General,' says I, an 'Do so, my man,' says he, 'an then follow me to the liquor-stores, and point out where the men are,' says he, 'an may be I'll give you a Corporal's stripes.' Well, your honour, the orderly took the letter, and read the direction on the face of it, and he tried to peep inside, but if nothing else was doubled sure an that was doubled safe enough. 'I'm off,' says I, as I turned round to go back again; and though the orderly was rather flabbergasted—first looking at the letter and then looking at me, yet, blur-an-ouns, but joy danced in my heart when I saw him set off at a jog-throt for the barracks; and as soon as he had hobsconded out of sight I came to the right-about-face after him.

"Well, your honour, I got safe to the barracks, an no officer saw me; for the sentries, knowing it was Saint Patrick's day, winked their eyes at me as I passed on, an the men winked their eyes too. Sure an there never was such winking afore since Noah dthunk the ouiskey after the great flood of wather,—every sowl seemed to have got the pot-tallyne (ophthalmia I suppose he meant). But I put my head under the pump, and my comrade pumped upon it in honour of the pathron saint, an it made me quite fresh and dacent, so that I was ready for first morning parade,—an the bugles sounded, and the dthrums rowled, an we all got into order in the Barrack-square, standing at aise,—though, by the powers, but it wasn't very aisey I was in regard of the General's letter. 'An what'll be in it, I wondther,' says my thoughts, 'could it be anything about the Corporal's stripes?' Och, by the sowl of me, an I'd just hit it, yer honour, for out they brings a prisoner from the guard-house, and the Curnel says—says

he, 'Sthrip, Sir.' 'Indeed, indeed, your honour, it's all a mistake,' says the prisoner. 'Silence, Sirrah,' roared the Curnel. 'Sthrip this instant,—an, Dthrum-Major, tie him up,' an away he walks. 'Sure an you'll not flog me for a mistake, your honour,' says the prisoner, 'I didn't get the letter at all,—it was given to me by—' 'By who?' axes the Curnel. 'Oh, then, your honour, I don't know the man at all,' says the prisoner. 'A very likely story,' says the Curnel; 'here's an order, in the General's hand-writing, with a positive command to give you one hundred lashes,—an by — you shall have them, too.'

"Och, murther, murther," says me thoughts to meself, 'an that's the corporal stripes I'd be getting in regard of that letter, is it?' for it was the pet orderly that stood by the triangles; an they made him sthrip, an he was tied up, shaking his head, an roaring like a great babby. An may be the dthrums didn't lay it on to him; for many owed him an owld grudge, which they rubbed off upon his back,—an if there was winking before among the men, sure an they winked at one another now, and so did the officers, too; for, as I towld you before, divel a sowl liked the unlucky disciple. So he got the hundred lashes, an went away mumbling threats like an owld witch at her prayers. An sure, yer honour, but my shouthers felt comical intirely for fear the Orderly or the General should remember the countenance of me, an I should feel double as well as see double in the form of the shape of a couple of hundred instead of one. An so the Adjutant comes round to inspect, an then came the Curnel after him, but by the blessed help of Saint Patrick—reverence be to his name—I contrived to howld up my head, and keep steady, an as I was a rare-rank man, faith an no one observed as I had been at my early devotions—they didn't, an when we 'dismissed,' the men got to talking about the punishment of the Orderly, who they suspected had been the means of getting so many of them flogged, an I heard the Sarjeant of my company say, 'He'd give a couple of dollars to see it again.'

"Well, your honour, so I goes to my owld friend the pump again, an the Sarjeant watches me as I buries my head undher the wather, an when I riz it to shake off the dthrops,

"Dinnis," says he, coolly and pleasantly, 'Dinnis, you were out of barracks last night.'

"How can that be, Misther Sarjeant," says I, respectfully, 'seeing as I'm here at morning parade?'

"Under the pump, you mane," says he, laughing; 'oh, you desaver of the world, to go for to—och! but it's meself as sees it all now as plain as a colour-staff. Arrah, then, what did the Duke say to yez?' an he winked at me, an I winked at him, and we both grinned at each other. 'You've done the clane thing, Dinnis,' says he, 'an I honour you for that same. But we shall have the General here presently, an the whole rejment will be turned out for inspection; an what'll you do then?'

"Faith, an it's meself dun na, Misther Sarjeant," says I, innocently enough, 'onless, you'll help me out of the scrape.'

"What, then, I'm right," says the Sarjeant, 'an it was you as put the Duke's letter on the Pet!—small blame to you for that, any how.'

"Sure an it was," says I, 'an I'd be a baste not to do that same for him any day; but you'll give me a helping hand, Sarjeant, and not split upon me!'

"It was cliverly done, Dinnis," says the Sarjeant, 'but never mind upshots—I'll stand your frind, an divil a word I'll say about it—that I will, so I won't.'

"So, your honour, I tells him the whole consarn of the matter, an he bad I thought he'd have died a laughing.

"Make haste, Dinnis," says he, 'an get your hair grased an powdered, an your coothryments well claned, so as to look smart, an heel-ball your tail bright, an your shoes polished—don't lose a minute, Dinnis, for there'll be a precious shindy before another hour is over—you're looking fresher, my lad, an I'll find them as will help you out of it; an away he went to the Captain's quarters.

"An hour wasn't much time to get sober in: but the Sarjeant brought me a dthrop of his own allowance, and I took a small taste that settled the destinies of my inside, an then turned hard to work, an got meself in good thrim—so that what with the dthrop of the cratur, an the fright, an a short nap, I was as sober as a judge upon the binch, when the sound awoke me, 'Turn out the guard for the General,' an, 'Och hone, och hone,' says I, 'it's a murdered man I am intirely.'

"Are you ready, Dinnis?" says the Sarjeant, looking at me from head to heel. 'Sure an it's a smart soldier you're showing—an now, Dinnis, if we're called out, you must fall in close to the Captain—an here, my boy, just darken your eye-brows a bit with this charcoal—an howld up your head—you'll hear the dthrums presintly, an rub your face with this sand-stone, to fetch up the colour in your cheeks—sure an Saint Patrick won't lave such a dacent worshipper in the lurch.'

"An it's meself as is suffering for him this blessed hour, Misther Sarjeant," says I, as I did as I was towld. 'There's the dthrums,' says I, listening: 'och no, it's ownly the bateing of my own heart—but I'll get through it this time, so I will.'

"To be sure you will," says the Sarjeant, 'ownly behave yourself stiff and steady—and here, Dinnis,' says he, working up something into thick paste, 'just let me shtick this pimple on the nose of yez; it will howld on till inspection is over, an I've blackened it with the cork. Oh then, but your mother would be a cute woman to know her son again, much more the General, sharp as he is; an, och blur-an-ouns, there's the dthrums for the turn-out. Now mind an play your part well, an there's no fears of diskivery, for the Captain—but I mustn't say a word about it. Keep steady, Dinnis, an you're safe.'

"So, your honour, sure it was meself as followed the directions which I got, an when I fell in as I was towld, faith but I cotched the officers laughing at me slyly, an 'Take care of your pimple, Dinnis,' says the Captain in a whisper, as he touched my belt for an excuse, 'mind it doesn't dthrop off, or it will be the worst dthrop you have had to-day.'

"I will, Sir," says I; but I didn't much fancy the pimple, for it felt as if it wouldn't stick on, or the last motion of my head would shake it off, and that made me keep meself stiff and still, so that they towld me afterwords that I looked like a statue at large. The line was dressed, the rare rank took open order, and down came the General and his Orderly, followed by the Field Officers, an 'It's all up with ye, Dinnis,' thinks I, as they came closer and closer to where I was standing.

"Is the pimple on, Dinnis?" whispered the Captain, without turning his head.

"It is, your honour," answers I, in the same low voice, as I squinted down my nose, an saw the thing he axed about looking as big as a peratee growing out of the conk of me, 'but it feels very loose and shaky—it's afraid I am that it won't howld.'

"However, to make the short of my story, I managed to keep quite steady till the General got pretty close to me, an then I felt the pimple as if it was,

shaking hands with my nose, an taking a melancholy farewell of that same. 'He's going, your honour,' says I, in a whisper.

"Not a bit of it, Dennis," says the Captain, 'the General will be here directly—so mind what you're about.'

"Oh, then, it's not the General that's going, your honour," says I again; 'Long life to Saint Patrick, I ownly wish it was—it's the pimple, an be—to it.'

"The devil!" whispers the Captain; 'but eyes front, Dennis, an pimple or no pimple, stand steady.'

"So you see, Sir, at last up came the Duke, an, 'Howly Saint Patrick, be-frind me,' says my heart to the darlin of a Saint, an, faith, Sir, he did that same, for the pimple held on, an looking down at it made me squint one eye: so that when the General and the Orderly stopped forenent me, it was ownly for an instant, as they quickly passed on to the next man, and they had hardly got a dozen yards, when off came the pimple, an rowled to the Captain's feet; but I didn't dare step out to pick it up. As good luck would have it, after a strict inspection, the General, who was very angry, mounted his horse, and rode off from the barracks; the men were dismissed, the joke got amongst them, an made glorious fun, an as it was Saint Patrick's day, the Cornel not only gave us freedom from drills an parades, but also ordered a double ration of wine to be served out from his own stock. It was a fine rejment, your honour, an never beither officers drew the breath of life. As for the men, though all knew the thrick, not one of them ever betrayed me. But I got a sore fright that very time, as made me cautious how I put an enemy into my mouth again."

"You certainly had a very narrow escape," remarked I, highly amused with his narrative, and more particularly with his manner of telling it. "And so it never was discovered by the General."

"Niver, Sir, for the Duke left us soon afterwards, an took his Orderly with him—an there being no necessity for keeping it secret after that, we had many a hearty laugh over it. What became of the Pet I never heard. Here's your honour's health, and long life and prosperity to you."

I cordially thanked him for his good wishes, and as several other pensioners had assembled the conversation became more general.

"Your story, Dennis," said a veteran who numbered more than seventy years, "your story reminds me of an occurrence that was much talked of at the time when the Army was in Spain. I belonged to a crack regiment of Light Dragoons, commanded by a nobleman, as brave as any officer that ever headed a charge or covered a retreat. It so happened that his Lordship wanted to forward a dispatch to the Commander-in-Chief, and from the position which we occupied it could only be done by a messenger in disguise; and a bold intrepid Sergeant of the name of Thornton, having been previously engaged in similar transactions, once more undertook to convey the document to head-quarters. This he accomplished, and was on his return when he was benighted during a tremendous storm at the foot of a mountain, where the only resting-place for the traveller was a dilapidated building tenanted by a Spaniard who, besides selling wine, brown bread, and hard cheese, had the credit of being an active Guerilla warrior. Sergeant Thornton (who spoke the Spanish and French languages eloquently,) took shelter in this miserable abode during the tempest, but resolved to quit it the moment fair weather or daylight returned. The host received him cautiously and watched his motions very narrowly, but the Sergeant, with the frankness of a brave nature, having obtained refreshment, threw off the loose garment that hung from his shoulders, and laid himself down to rest upon a bundle of skins that were piled in a corner of the apartment to which the rain did not penetrate, when he was apparently very soon in a sound sleep. But Thornton was only shamming it—he did not like the conduct of the Spaniard, and he resolved to keep a bright eye upon his movements, but weariness overpowered his faculties, and he fell into a dreamy slumber, from which he was aroused by a knocking at the crazy door accompanied by demands in French for immediate admission and bitter denunciations in case of non-compliance. There was evidently several in the party, and before Thornton had time to escape or conceal himself the Spaniard had thrown open the door, and in rushed four Frenchmen in the dress of the Cuirassiers preceded by an officer wrapped in a military cloak. The ashes of the fire were stirred up, an old table was broken in pieces for firewood, round which the intruders gathered without distinction, and their horses were tethered together in a corner, the Spaniard being compelled, by threats and blows, to bring forth his scanty store of fodder. Thornton remained undisturbed for some time, but as the blaze of the fire threw a stronger light he was discovered and ordered to remove, whilst the Frenchmen appropriated the skins to themselves. Strange as it may appear, the presence of the Sergeant did not seem to excite any suspicion—he sat himself down in the corner from which the skins had been taken and appeared to compose himself to sleep, but in reality to listen to the conversation of his enemies, from which he learned that they had been separated from an escort of cavalry guarding provisions and treasure that had been plundered from the Spaniards at Madrid. The horses becoming rather restive the Sergeant was ordered by the French officer to attend to them, and not moving smart enough to suit his fancy, his progress was quickened by a strap across the shoulders from a sheathed sword, which Thornton bore with well-assumed patience. In this task he was joined by the Spaniard, who whispered to the Sergeant, and the latter contrived to withdraw from the place through a side door, which he had not before perceived; in a few minutes the Spaniard followed, but Thornton fearing their absence would be detected, and desirous of gaining further information, returned. The officer had divested himself of his arms and sabretache, which he laid by his side, and the Sergeant taking a piece of coarse rug walked up to where they were and undisturbedly commenced wiping off the wet, for which he was rewarded by the Frenchman with a 'brave garçon.' In a short time he had gained their confidence, and the officer, taking off his coat and waistcoat, requested him to brush them down with some clean straw. To accomplish this he walked towards the side door, where his sight met the glistening eyes of the landlord, that gleamed like the tiger's when about to spring upon his prey. 'Not yet,' whispered Thornton in Spanish, and the man drew back again into the darkness of the night. The coat was brushed and returned; the officer's pistols next underwent examination, and the Sergeant having shaken out the damp priming renewed it from a small silver horn so as to render both fit for service.

"Are there many English in this immediate neighbourhood?" demanded the officer.

"None nearer than six leagues," responded the Sergeant. "They are short of provisions, and foraging parties occasionally scour the country—the thieves plundering us wherever they can. I wish I had an Englishman at the muzzle of each pistol," and he extended his arms holding one in each hand.

"Ha, ha, mon ami," said the officer briskly, 'the French are your best friends—the brave French—they—' before he could utter another word he was in the last agonies of death; a ball from his own pistol having passed through his head, and at the same instant two of the Cuirassiers were rolling on the ground mortally wounded by shots from without fired by the landlord and his

wife with deadly effect. The remaining Frenchmen sprang up and discharged their carbines without doing any injury to their assailants, and then clubbing them resolutely attacked the Sergeant, who, catching up one of their heavy sabres, soon gave them evidence of his skill and power as a swordsman. The struggle was short but decisive. The Spanish knife of the Guerilla was buried in the heart of the boldest, the other was cut down by a heavy blow from Thornton, and the conquest was complete. Without an instant's delay the Sergeant searched the body of the officer for papers (the Spaniard preferring richer plunder,) and then reloading the pistols and girding on the dead man's sword he mounted his horse, and the Spaniard acting as guide rode with him to the open country, where they parted,—the Sergeant to inform his noble Commander, the Guerilla to stir up his brethren of the Cuchillo to recover some of the plunder.

"It was not yet daylight when Thornton galloped in amongst the tents, for instead of six leagues the English were not three leagues distant. The storm was still raging as the Sergeant issued from the Colonel's tent, but in a few minutes the trumpet sounded to 'boot and saddle.' The news of Thornton's encounter spread like wildfire. Not a murmur was heard—every man went with alacrity to his duty—and eager expectation was alive for the prospective recompense. After a smart trot of about two hours we came upon the retreating French who had been scattered and bewildered all night among the mountains, and our very unexpected presence put the escort to the route, whilst at the same moment the ringing of bullets from the opposite side informed us that the Guerillas were busy with their long fuses. In a very short time we had recaptured a most valuable booty, together with a General Officer and his family who had taken advantage of the escort to return to France. Sergeant Thornton was made an Ensign of Infantry, but he was too valuable as a cavalry man to remain long on foot; he got a Lieutenancy in a Dragoon Regiment, and died like a gallant soldier on the plains of Waterloo."

THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

BY THE GAOL CHAPLAIN.

The next case, possessing peculiar features of interest, and requiring great circumspection, was approached by me with considerable reluctance. The facts were these. Lydia Barnett, a young girl of eighteen, was convicted at the Epiphany Sessions of shop-lifting. Three distinct cases of adroit malappropriation of clothing, eatables, and drinkables were proved against her; and the chairman was thought to have passed a very lenient sentence when he doomed her to four month's imprisonment. If ever human being was truly penitent for past transgressions, I believe Lydia to have been that woman. She wept unceasingly. Her resolutions of future amendment were earnest and fervid, and free—their chief attraction to my mind—from all appearance of artifice and cant. Her conduct, rather than her declarations, proved her to be humbled, submissive, contrite. There was, too, in the judgment of some who heard her trial, an extenuating circumstance in her case, if motives were to be at all weighed in apportioning the punishment of crime. She had a dying mother; and it was proved clearly that the tea, and the meat, and the blanket which she had pilfered in no way ministered to her own comforts, but were handed over to her famished and perishing parent. That parent was said to have been formerly an actress of considerable provincial celebrity; and her death was undoubtedly accelerated by want.

What was to become of this repentant and humbled woman? Her period of imprisonment was on the eve of expiration, and shelter and asylum she had none!

"I shall be driven again to the commission of crime," was her oft-repeated and distressing exclamation. "Who will receive me, give me employment, or even believe me? I ask but for leave to labour—to labour for my daily bread. Try me,—prove me to be sincere; subject me to any probation, however strict. Any toil, however severe, will be welcome; and the humblest, coarsest fare will suffice me. But give me an opportunity of redeeming the past! Let the future cancel the shame of the present. I am old in sorrow though I am young in years. Do not, I beseech, I implore you, compel me to grow old in crime."

There is an urgent want, and our legislators should look to it, of an asylum for penitent offenders. They demand it at our hands. Nor can we withhold it, unless we are prepared to adopt the hateful jargon, that the vicious are irremediable.

Can any situation be more piteous than that of a prisoner just liberated from the thralldom of confinement, full of remorse for the past, of anxiety for the future, and without shelter, food, or friend for the present? We gaze too far ahead: philanthropy, now-a-days, looks only through a telescope; distant objects alone command attention. The heathenism of the blacks in Africa, the idolatry of the worshippers of Juggernaut in India, the enormities of the opium trade in China,—these are duly deplored, and deeply considered; but gin-palaces at home are viewed with indifference, the heathenism of our factory districts dismissed with a sigh, and the desolation of the penitent prisoner pertinaciously overlooked. For him there rises no city of refuge. Alas! when will the religious, and the benevolent, and the zealous amongst us admit, that our first sphere of duty lies amongst the wretched at our own doors! But to my tale. The period of Lydia's imprisonment expired, and the penitent girl was liberated. A little pecuniary assistance was given her for her immediate wants, and a few well-meant directions for the future; but no permanent effort was made to keep her in the path of duty. She took leave of me with a burst of tears; and even now I seem to hear her anguished exclamation as she passed through the prison-gates, "God pardons the penitent, man spurns them!"

A week had elapsed since Lydia Barnett's liberation; and such is the rapidity with which a chaplain's duties succeed each other, such the incessant calls on his attention, and so varied the objects presented to him, that the peculiar features of her case were fast fading from my recollections, when a note reached me from one who, during her successful career, occupied no slight share of public attention,—Harriet, Duchess of St. Albans.

She was then sojourning at the hotel of a neighbouring watering-place, in attendance on her first husband, Mr. Coutts. The note was abruptly worded. I cannot say that its tenor was uncourteous, and yet it rather demanded than requested my presence at "The Clarence," between eleven and one, on the following day. What could be the object of the proposed interview puzzled me; but the note was written with apparent sincerity; and, having ascertained that the Couttses were unquestionably staying at —, I took for granted, that the summons was genuine, and obeyed it. On sending up my card, I was shown into a small sitting-room, odorous with flowers, and lavishly bedizened with fashionable nic-nacs. This I was told was Mrs. Coutt's morning-room; she had just quitted it. On a stand near a large easy-chair were three volumes, which she had apparently been consulting. Their juxtaposition amused me: "Ghost Stories from the German," Hoffers "Astrological Almanac," and "Hannah More on Prayer."

I had waited her pleasure for nearly an hour, when at length "The Favourite of Fortune" bustled into the apartment. Her address was brusque and characteristic enough.

"I have drawn largely on your patience. Pray forgive me; it has been unavoidable. Be seated. I have a favour to beg of you; and yet I have no right to ask one. *In the main, I dislike parsons!* They are shamefully unjust to the profession to which I belonged. And, in truth, the war waged against theatricals by the Cheltenham clergy is so monstrously un—. But of that you are guiltless, and I waste time by recurring to it. My meaning is, I owe the clergy nothing on the score of past kindness, and have no right to expect any favour at their hands."

I surveyed the rich woman fixedly, as with flippant fluency she thus vented her opinions. I thought she "owed" much, at least, to one of the body,—the gentleman who married her to Mr. Coutts, and who was pretty severely rebuked by his bishop for his hardihood in so doing. I longed to tell her so; but on second thoughts, bowed, and inquired her pleasure.

"You are the chaplain of — gaol?"

I assented.

"I have received a letter, extraordinary both in style and substance, from a person named Lydia Barnett, who was lately a prisoner there. Give me your opinion of her."

"On what points?"

"First, as to character. Do you consider her penitent, truthful, and desirous to live honestly for the time to come?"

"I do."

"And this letter," handing one to me, "does it state fairly and faithfully the particulars of her crime?"

"It does."

"Harrison," she resumed, "generally replies to applications of this nature; but Barnett's was so singular, that I resolved to deal with it myself. Mr. Cleaver," said she, after a pause, "I shall do all, and more than this young person asks. I shall test her sincerity; I shall subject her to a year's probationary trial; and, if she sustains the ordeal, shall provide for her for life."

I was about to express my opinion of this truly generous determination, when the door opened, and an aged, attenuated, and feeble gentleman tottered in. He held an open letter in his hand, and repeated again and again, in a nervous, tremulous, wiry tone, and with that perpetual restlessness of manner which is so often an indication of the approaching total failure of intellect,

"Lady Burdett—Lady Burdett—can't quite comprehend it—my daughter—my dear daughter—I wish—I wish to say—"

"It shall be answered—oh! it shall be answered this very morning," returned the lady, changing her tone instantly into one of wheedling softness; then linking his arm into hers, with many a fondling expression, she drew him towards the door.

I watched her with some amusement, for the change was marvellous. To me she had spoken with the firmness and decision of the woman of business; to him in the soft, bland, silky, wheedling tones of the practised and successful actress. Her evident object was to withdraw him from the apartment, and she had all but succeeded when he turned round, stopped, and looked anxiously at me.

"Only a clergyman!" said she, interpreting his glance, and replying to it in an instant, gently urging him all the while towards the door, "only a clergyman. I have to see him for a few minutes on a matter of business."

"A clergyman!" repeated the aged gentleman falteringly; "ah! a very useful calling! Yes! prayers—prayers prepare men for heaven. They do—they do. Good morning, Mr.—Mr.—I forget your name, sir—I really do. My memory—good morning, sir."

And the helpless old gentleman made me a kindly, courteous, and respectful bow as he was withdrawn, slowly, painfully, and, it appeared to me, unwillingly, from the sitting-room.

Again I was alone, but for a few minutes only. Mrs. Coutts re-appeared with an angry flush on her countenance, which told its own tale. Without any reference to the recent interruption, she put me in possession of the plan she had laid down for her protegee's future course. It was impossible not to be struck by the sound judgment with which its details were carried out, and by the care with which she had striven to fence poor Barnett in from future temptation. One point appeared to me open to objection,—the scale of expense on which the calculations had been formed. I ventured to say so.

"No!" said she earnestly; "not one word about economy here. Her mother and I played in the same company; and, when I was a poor girl, friendless and ill-fed, with a wretched home, and a salary so meagre as hardly to find me clothes, the most comfortable meals I ever had were those given me at Mrs. Barnett's table. Her kindness was great, and I can never forget it. I cannot return it to the mother: I now do so to her child."

The burst of feeling with which this was spoken was truly noble.

"Had she counsel at her trial?" resumed the lady. "Were the circumstances which betrayed her into dishonesty distinctly explained to the jury?"

"They were."

"And to no purpose! Ah! none but those who have quailed under the pangs of poverty,—who have felt the pressure of absolute want,—who have known what it was to exist for eight-and-forty hours without food or fuel,—who faint with hunger, and benumbed with cold, have resisted, hour after hour, the growing conviction that one single dishonest act would rescue them temporarily from the gnawings of both,—they, and they alone, can tell what the tremendous force of temptation really is. Thousands have sunk under it. But, as for Lydia, I will secure her from its influence as if she was my own child!"

"May she never give you reason to repent your kindness!"

"And if she does," was my companion's unexpected rejoinder, "what then? My interference barely cancels the debt I owe her mother's memory,—that mother my early, kind, and firm protectress. Alas! alas! that she herself should be for ever beyond the reach of my gratitude!"

"But she may possibly be conscious of your kindness to her child?"

"Hah!" said she starting, "now we meet on common ground. You believe, then, that the departed take cognizance of what is passing in this world of care and sorrow? That has long been my conviction. But think you, further, that they are ever permitted to revisit this fallen scene,—that the veil which shrouds the invisible from the visible world is ever withdrawn,—and that they who have long since departed from amongst us return to those whom they have loved, to admonish or to warn them? I fully believe they do. Your looks say, no. Oh yes! I am aware it is a creed which is ridiculed, despised, and scouted by the million; but," added she, with a look and tone which showed how firm a hold the superstition had of her, "nevertheless it is mine."

"It is a debatable subject," was my rejoinder, "and I would rather not moot it. The service, madame, you are about to render admits of infinitely less discussion."

"And I exult in being able to confer it. Not that her poor mother ever calculated on any return—what more improbable? Hers was disinterested kindness: I meet with none such now."

"Surely that is an unjust conclusion?"

"What?" returned she, "do you think I cannot fathom the motives of many of those around me? Do you imagine that any of these frivolous, heartless, passionless people about me would oppress me with their offers of civility, and follow me with their hollow homage, if Mr. Coutts's fortunes were damaged by some commercial panic, and I were to become impoverished and dependent? They would leave me to my fate; I should never see one of them again. Ha! ha! ha! I know them all, and despise—"

A lady here entered hastily,—I learned afterwards she was Miss Sheridan,—and whispered, *con expressione*, "The Countess of . . .," naming one of the leaders of *ton*, "is waiting in her brikka below, and begs you will accompany her to the Esterhazy Gardens."

The flutter of gratified vanity with which this announcement was received, and the strange pendant it formed to her previous speech, amused me mightily.

"We are interrupted, I fear," said she, turning to me with a thorough theatrical gesture. "How much I am obliged to you for your information I cannot readily express. I would say more; but the countess will be impatient. Allow me again to thank you, and to say, adieu."

And with a smile, a cursey, and a gay wave of the hand the door closed on this fortunate, shrewd, volatile, vain, but generous and warm-hearted woman.

THE NATURE, ORIGIN, AND DESTINATION OF THE SOUL.

WRITTEN AT MARGATE IN THE LATTER END OF DECEMBER, 1793, BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WARREN HASTINGS.

Few men have played in their day a more prominent part before the world than Warren Hastings. He was a great man, in every sense of the term, and we believe that he was also a good man. It is certain that he was a persecuted man, to an extent and with a degree of virulence to which English history at least supplies no parallel. His career has of late been drawn at sufficient length; and, in spite of the unavoidable dry nature of the materials wherewith his biographer had to deal, the tale is a deeply interesting one; yet of the constitution of his mind, when relieved from the pressure of public and private cares, thinking men feel that they hardly know enough. Hastings kept no diary; none, at least, from which it might be possible to draw any fair conclusions as to his habits of thought while he was alone. So long as he continued to preside over the destinies of British India, his entries referred, as we might expect them to do, to the troubles and perplexities which surrounded him. After his return home they seem to have degenerated into mere records of the common-place proceedings of each day. Still Hastings could not, any more than other men of reflective habits, abstain from giving scope, in his own way, to the workings of the spirit that dwelt within. Hastings was a voluminous writer of essays upon all manner of subjects, not one of which, it is evident from the style which characterises them, was ever designed to see the light. We happen to have been put in possession of a good many of these. We think that, though of very unequal merit, they all tend to exalt the moral and religious character of the man. We are, therefore, induced to let our readers participate in the gratification which we ourselves have derived from the perusal of them. The subjoined strikes us as being as beautiful as it is touching. On such a subject great originality of idea was scarcely to be looked for; indeed, it seems hard to conceive how any absolutely new theory could at this time of day be broached in reference to a matter which has given occupation to the pens of all the wise men, and almost all the fools that have lived and written since the world began. But Hastings is no servile imitator of any speculatist that went before him. He manifestly thinks for himself; and it is as striking as it is satisfactory to find this preserver of empires and martyr to a country's ingratitude seeking pleasant occupation amid his disappointments and trials in blending, as it were, the truths of philosophy and revelation together. We are, therefore, happy in being the medium through which his views on this subject shall be communicated to the public.

O. Y.

ON THE IMPERFECTION OF OUR PRESENT STATE ADDUCED AS AN ARGUMENT OF A FUTURE.

It must have occurred to every one's experience to have met with instances of men, who, having shewn an inordinate solicitude for life during the course of it, have at its close met death with composure, and some even with indifference. No man feels the same terrors at the approach of a natural as of a violent death, even when the latter is unattended with pain. The reason is obvious. In health all the allurements of sense strongly attach the mind to that state of present existence which furnishes the means of their gratification, and quicken the relish of those enjoyments which are purely intellectual; while, on the other hand, an instinct, infinitely more powerful, imprints on the soul a fixed horror of its dissolution. Without these co-operative principles, man would give himself no care about his preservation or existence. They were, therefore, ordained by nature as necessary to both. When sickness or the infirmity of age has exhausted all the powers of life, and the dread of death has nothing left to excite it but the last parting pang, the illusion of instinct, no longer necessary, disappears, and leaves its place to be occupied by reason alone, encumbered, perhaps, and enfeebled by the bodily weight which oppresses it, but free from all desires or fears except those which it derives from its conceptions of futurity.

Joy and grief, hope and fear, pleasure and pain, with their combinations, are the ingredients which constitute the good and evil of human life, and denominate it happy or unhappy, as the one or the other kind predominates. In some men—but surely their number is not great—the measure of good allotted to them may exceed that of evil. Far different is the state of the rest of mankind. Of the truth of this position we have not far to go for proof. Let us look around us, and examine the condition of our neighbours: let us look into our own. The former will shew us the general occupations of life, which, though varied in their objects, are in principle the same; moments of pleasure, hours of satiety, and days, months, and years, consumed in a round of duties which either necessity demands or fancy dictates. And what is duty but the sacrifice of present ease to the provision of future comfort? for into this definition every pursuit that hath not some corporeal or mental gratification for its immediate object will ultimately resolve itself, whatever be the principle which impels it. But the sacrifice of present ease is pain. Neither the labourer at the plough, nor the artisan bending over his loom, nor the soldier enduring all the hardships and perils of war, nor the merchant poring over his desk, nor the mind-worn student, seek for present pleasure in their various occupations, or reckon the time so employed among the enjoyments for which they would wish to live. They barely endure these things for the sake of some enjoyment, real or fancied, which they have in contemplation, and which hope, the grand deluder of human existence, animates them to pursue, by the conception and anticipation

of delights more exquisite than any that the substance itself can yield in possession. The writer of these reflections is himself one who is content with the state in which it has pleased God to place him; he would not exchange it, with his identity, were it possible, for that of any created being. Yet "many and evil have been the days of his pilgrimage." He has experienced troubles, cares, vexations, and disappointments, sickness and affliction. He has known what it is to extend his sensibility to external attachments, to suffer for the sufferings of those who were dear to him, and to feel the stroke of death, that cut off "his fairest hopes of sublunary bliss." He has toiled for the means of temporal enjoyments, which, when attained, have faded into indifference, and has been visited by griefs which use has accommodated to his nature. And in this review of his destiny he believes that he sees the general allotment of all the human race.

Man is the creature of deception. He yields to the calls of hunger and thirst, to the solicitations of social affection, and to the stronger attractions of sexual love; not because food and drink are necessary to repair the waste of his bodily frame, nor that he contributes to society a reciprocation of the conveniences and comforts of life, nor that he may be the instrument of perpetuating his kind; but that he may enjoy the pleasures which are attendant on the gratification of these appetites, and free himself from the pain which he feels in the want of it. His reason, indeed, early instructs him in the uses for which nature designed them; yet these are the least of his consideration, are never thought of at the time in which he is engaged in their pursuit, but are oftener counteracted and defeated by the eagerness with which he applies the means which were designed to produce them. In these actions, which constitute all the essential functions of all animal life, man is the mere passive and unconscious agent of an unknown principle, an over-ruling will, which impels him, by the seduction of objects as illusive as the mirror of the fowler or the angler's painted fly, to the attainment of others which are alien from his own desires, and bind all his affections to a state of existence which he would abandon if he could view it with the eyes of unprejudiced reason and had no expectation of another beyond it.

Let not this view of our condition be constructed into a reflection on the divine wisdom which made us what we are. Let us rather have recourse to that wisdom for the infallible conclusion that God has made us with the most perfect fitness for that scale of being in which he has placed us and for purposes which, though hidden or partially revealed to us for the preternatural manifestations of his will, are the most conducive to our real good. Can we for a moment believe that a being of infinite perfection has made us for no other purpose than "to fret our hour upon this stage" of mortality, and then vanish into nothing? that he has quickened us with sensations exquisitely susceptible of happiness and misery, to make the latter only our general portion? that he has endowed us with intellectual powers capable of extending their operations beyond the bounds of this narrow sphere which we inhabit, and of penetrating into the regions of infinite space, which we are destined never to see but in contemplation? and that he has stimulated us with desires of future bliss which we are never to enjoy? Though we may err in estimating the goodness or justice of God by our ideas of those qualities which we so denominate, as we apply them to the rules of human intercourse, yet we are certain that his power and his wisdom are infinite, according to our own definitions of both. But it is impossible to limit our conceptions of the duration of man's existence to his present state without derogating either from the power or the wisdom of God, and controverting our own experience of the laws by which he has regulated all such of his works as fall within the scope of our means of observation. That he has made nothing in vain, that he has made nothing without ends adequate to its means, and that, though all things may change, nothing perishes, are positions which may be taken as axioms, for surely no man will dispute them. Every discovery which philosophy has made in the material world tends to confirm these truths, none to cast a doubt upon them; and by analogy we conclude the same of those essences which we call spirit, or (to speak more intelligibly) those which we know to exist, but which consist of qualities not perceptible by our present senses.

Man, therefore, was not made in vain; he was not made to perish eternally; he was made for ends adequate to his means. In other words, he was made susceptible of happiness that he might be happy; he was made capable of receiving but a small portion of happiness here, that its completion might be made up in another state; and he had given him the conception and hope of another and better state, that he might qualify himself for it, and that he might hereafter possess it.

OF THE SOUL.

Of the nature of the soul, and of its connexion with the body, we can form but imperfect and unsatisfactory conjectures. I speak with reference to our present state of knowledge. It would be the height of presumption to prescribe bounds to its progress. This would be to say that what our inquiries cannot reach no future wisdom shall be able to discover.

Of body we seem to have clear ideas,—that is to say, we feel its weight, its extent, and solidity. Our sight conveys to us, by a kind of habitual induction, consensaneous ideas of the two last-mentioned qualities by the means of rays of light reflected from its surface; the separation of some of its component parts presents other perceptions of it to the organs of smelling and tasting; and we hear the effects of certain of its movements on the air which surrounds us. But these are not so much the properties of body as of ourselves. By the wonderful powers of chemistry we obtain some insight into the elementary parts of particular bodies, and seem to approximate to the knowledge of body itself; but of this there is much reason to doubt. Of spirit we profess to know nothing; and yet it is possible that we know as much of it as of body. It is generally supposed to be a substance totally devoid of body or matter, and hence called immaterial. It has certainly some qualities which are incompatible with those which are ascribed to matter. For instance, it is illimitably extended, yet is indivisible, contrarily to the nature of matter, which is always bounded and may be divided infinitely. It exists in matter, and occupies the same spaces with it, which matter, it is affirmed, cannot do with itself. Yet light and fire appear to do the same, which are certainly material substances, if they possess any being at all.

Spirit, whatever it be, must be either a modification of matter, as it is by some supposed to be, or it is a real substance. What a modification of matter means, as applied to spirit, it is not easy to understand. Colour, as a modification of matter, we clearly understand. It is a certain configuration of the parts which form its surface, capable of imbibing particular rays of light, and of repelling or reflecting others. In effect, it is matter itself, whether it be applied to the body reflecting or to that on which it is reflected. But in what possible sense can spirit be understood as a modification of matter? It does not necessarily exist in a whole body, because it will remain unchanged, though parts of the body be taken from it. It cannot possess a distinct existence in parts of the body, because, although its operations extend to all, and pass through all,

and its perceptions vary in all, yet its consciousness is one and the same. I know what passes in my body, and I feel that my mind is intimately united with it and conscious of all its affections; but I am sure that my thoughts are absolutely independent of my body, and operate (as at the instant in which I am writing) on all subjects not sensible without connexion with the body. What part of the body was it that gave the mind its motion and direction when the philosopher meditated on the formation of the universe, or when the poet's imagination "bodied forth the forms of things unknown, and his pen turned them to shape?"

Though we know not what spirit is, or how it is united with matter, yet something analogous to both may be seen in the visible properties and action of fire, which, like spirit, has by many been affirmed to have no real existence. This opinion, however, is, I believe, now generally exploded. What fire is in itself, no one can tell. That it exists in all nature, so far as our knowledge extends, we have undoubted proof. Though the most active principle that we know, it cannot exist to our senses without its union with some inert body sustaining it. To that it adheres, assumes a visible form and an immeasurable rapidity of motion, feeds upon it by a separation of its constituent parts, emits light, derives its different degrees of activity, lustre, and colour, from the substance to which it is attached, and remains attached to that substance so long as it subsists—that is, so long as those parts of it remain which are attractive of fire, and to which alone it may be properly said to have been attached. It penetrates and pervades by its heat every part of the substances with which it is combined, not in the proportion of the levity and discontinuity of their parts affording channels for its conveyance, but in the proportion of their density and closeness of texture, which should seem to exclude its progress. Though it manifests a continual tendency to fly off from its subject, yet it is capable of being confined to it for a time and reduced to a state almost quiescent, and is finally diffused and absorbed into the parent source or homogeneal mass from which it emanated.

The application of this description to the substance of which we are speaking would lead me into a discussion of too great a length for what I consider but as a digressive part of my argument. I shall, therefore, leave it to the sagacity of my reader to discover where it agrees and where the resemblance fails, myself conceiving it to be in all points alike, though varying in degree in some particulars.

That animal life is a distinct substance, and not an accident or quality of the body to which it is attached, an argument may be drawn from a comparison of it with vegetable life, in the manner in which both cease to exist. If a tree or plant be drawn out of the earth, or cut from its roots, it does not immediately shew any signs of decay. Its branches retain their elasticity, its leaves their verdure, and its circulation proceeds unchecked for some time after the mortal shock is given. As its juices are exhaled, its parts wither and gradually decay, till its vital powers are totally extinguished, not by any determinate crisis, but by the continued process of death (if I may so express myself) attending them. The dissolution of animal life is sudden. Its powers often continue to the last; and the instant of its departure is generally marked by a violent and convulsive effort, not unlike the last parting flame of a taper, to which it is often compared. This effect is sometimes produced when the body has remained for a time in a torpid state, and apparently lifeless. It then revives for a moment, struggles, as if to break or to retain its hold, and is gone for ever, affording to the eye of the attentive observer a conviction, exceeding all argument, that some real substance united to the body was at that instant forcibly wrenched and disunited from it.

What then becomes of the departed spirit? It cannot be annihilated, for the laws of nature forbid it. It cannot remain for ever in a torpid and inert state, for that would be also a contradiction to the laws of nature, of which one is, that nothing is made in vain. It must, therefore, either remain in its un-mixed and elementary state, or be united to some body, and endowed with new powers in participation with it. In either way its existence is secured. But we may reasonably conclude that, as it was necessary in the order of Providence for its prior state to have been an incorporate one, its next will be of the same kind, however varying in the form, character, and quality which it may derive from those of its new associates.

I do not mean by this supposition to reject the possibility of the soul existing independently of a bodily support. I believe such a state to be possible, and, if possible, certainly probable; but as our present is a mixed state, and as it is very unlikely that if our souls are destined to exist for ever, they began to exist in their present state, and yet more unlikely that, they should have originated in a perfect, and proceeded in an imperfect one, it will be most reasonable to suppose that a pure spiritual essence is to be that of our ultimate destination.

OF THIS LIFE CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE TO THE NEXT.

In the beginning of this performance I have argued (God knows with what truth, but assuredly to my own conviction,) that our attachment to this life is grounded on delusion, to the end that we may be compelled to fulfil our allotted course through it, and that it may serve as a preparative to a better state reserved for us in another. To this conclusion, implying the eternal duration of the thinking substance of our nature, I have added other arguments to strengthen the belief of it. Thus far, therefore, let the opinions which I have just delivered be assumed as certain, that they may serve for the ground-work of those which follow, and that the judgment may not be embarrassed in its examination of the latter by its remaining disbelief or doubts of the former; for though, if the premises be true, the conclusions drawn from them may not therefore be true, since this will depend on their just agreement with each other, yet, if the premises are false, their conclusions, how justly soever they may be drawn from them, must of necessity be false likewise, and the more so for their agreement.

I shall now proceed to inquire into the nature and end of our present state, and the means by which it is made to fit us for the future.

Our present condition is made up of bodily affections, of which the mind is the percipient; and of passions which, though originating from the body, are the affections of the mind. The design and uses of these have been already mentioned, and are too well known to require more notice. In the use and abuse of our passions consist our happiness and unhappiness, our virtues and our vices; for virtue is properly that quality of the mind which impels it to actions that are useful, as vice is the reverse. Of the virtues some, as they seem to regard ourselves solely, or society only in their secondary effects, may be called personal. Others relate to our conduct towards others, and may be denominated social. These, also, are in a degree personal, since they affect the general happiness of society, of which we are all individual members; for, though my portion of happiness might be increased by an immunity from the laws which bind my fellow-members of society, yet if every man had, or assumed that privilege, my condition would be worse than that of a man driven from the communities of men to dwell among the lions and tigers of the forest. Our natural propensities are vicious, for self-love being the original motive and

spring of all our actions, that consequence necessarily follows. Nor let this be deemed a derogation from the dignity of our nature, for, in effect, it is exalted by it, since our virtues become purely our own, being of our own creation, and produced by the sacrifice of our present gratifications.

Such being the moral state of man in this world, how much more truly is it said, than it is commonly believed, that "virtue is its own reward." The whole life of a good man is a scene of warfare between the pressing impulses of his nature and the dictates of his reason, until the long habit of resistance, the repeated triumphs of success, the experience of the superior benefits which result from the forbearance of present gratification, and the heartfelt delight which the mind receives from the contemplation of a well-fought life, by degrees unfold his moral character, inverting his nature, and transmuting his propensities from vice to virtue. Such was Socrates, who, by the continual practice of virtue, attained so perfect a conquest over his passions, which were more prone to vice than those of ordinary men, that he was at length drawn by inclination to the pursuit of those actions which in other men are the result of principle, and performed with reluctance. With reverential awe and diffidence, I add the instance of our blessed Saviour himself, who, when he took upon him our nature, not only for a propitiation but example, became subject to the passions as well as to the infirmities of our mortal condition, although with so potent an energy of the divine principle overruling them, that only one instance is recorded which can be construed into a deviation from its precepts. The dereliction was but momentary; and it was followed by an instant recollection of the will of God requiring that he should suffer, and by his absolute resignation to it: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done."

Yet it is not to be supposed that a life even of the most consummate virtue is sufficient to constitute perfect happiness, or to exempt its possessor from the evils which are the allotted portion of mortality. In some cases the consciousness of integrity may indeed sustain the mind under the pressure of affliction, and add to its store (if it be not presumptuous to say it) of probationary merit. But the wounded heart will feel the loss of a loving and beloved consort, or of the child endeared to it by the habits of associate fondness and the ties of kindred affection. The mind will participate in the acuteness of corporeal sufferings,

"And sighs, and cries, by nature grow on pain."

And (it may be asked) is this the moral end for which we were born? To derive a consolation in our worst afflictions, if we can, from the consciousness that we have not merited them? To depart, without a hope of future recompense, and enter into a new state of being without any connexion with the past? Shall the vile assassin live, and the bleeding innocent descend to the grave, and no retribution follow to atone in another life for the imperfect distribution of justice in this? No! assuredly not. There is a just God, or there is none.

Why, then, may it be again asked, if his justice has so ordered the course of human events, that vice is commonly punished, and virtue commonly rewarded in this world, has he permitted this equitable arrangement to be broken in particular instances? It is because all the events of this world are regulated and brought about by the laws of nature, which are framed and accommodated to a particular system, and limited by its exigencies. But the moral law is immutable and unbounded. It is because man was placed here in a state of trial. Enough, therefore, was shown him of his appointed station hereafter to excite him to the exercise of his reason, and something left hid, that he might not be without a temptation to err. Were he sure that punishment would in every instance follow guilt, and happiness be the infallible consequence of virtue, he would have no incitement to conquer in his flight from the one, nor merit in his pursuit of the other; but all his actions would be directed, without effort, to the best principle by the dictates of the worst. And such is the selfish aim of the bigot, who gives to the poor the penny he can well spare, because his narrow creed assures him that the Lord will repay it.

Not so the truly religious man. He respects himself; he is therefore strictly just in all his dealings, and punctual in the performance of every assigned as well as assumed duty. He loves his neighbour; he is therefore beneficent; he exacts less from others than he imposes upon himself, and is ever ready to yield up a portion of his own interests when the more urgent wants of others demand it. Whatever he undertakes he prosecutes with confidence, because he knows that his motives are pure and his intentions good; and rarely will men err when these are the springs of their actions. He goes forth with the good wishes of all good men attending him, and not with theirs alone, for all men respect goodness, even those who are themselves deficient in it. Thus the chances of success are multiplied in his favour. He is happy if he obtain it, because he has not pursued it by unworthy means; and it enlarges the circle of his beneficence, which, in seeking to contribute to the happiness of others, deals it back upon himself; and if he fail of success his failure is not embittered with remorse. He experiences that such are the effects of virtue, and he therefore loves it; but he loves it for its own sake only, in the same manner as a grateful heart blesses the hand which has relieved it, without a wish or expectation of future benefit from it.

Equally good, gracious, and just, is God in all his dispensations. He has placed us in a world of trouble, of sorrows, and of temptations, that we may entitle ourselves to a better by the fortitude with which we make our way through them,—

"Curis acuens mortalia corda,
Nec lapsura gravi passus sua regna veterno."

He has placed our passions under the guidance of reason, and endowed it with powers sufficient for their direction. He hath environed us with terrors, and strewed our path with thorns; but its course is short, and terminates in felicity. His bounty hath given us life; His mercy has abridged the term of it. And well may we exclaim, in the words of the patriarch, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

OF THE FUTURE POWERS AND PERCEPTIONS OF THE SOUL.

We can form no conclusions of an unknown system but by deduction from something known. Much, therefore, must of necessity be conjectural; but perhaps not all. For instance, this principle may be applied to all modes of existence, viz., all perceptions must be either sensual or intellectual. They may be both. Our present senses are of five kinds; of which one only seems essential life; and of the others two, namely, those of smell and taste, are so imperfect as to contribute little to the measure of the happiness of life, and nothing to its wants. With what different degrees of efficacy, whether as acting upon the sensations, or as conveying through them to the mind ideas of external substances, these senses may be invested in other bodies, it is not possible to discover or to conceive. And yet less can we form even the most distant notion of other senses with which it is possible that God may have informed, even to an infinite number, his other corporeal creatures in this vast and boundless universe. This we plainly comprehend, from our own experience of the impossi-

bility of communicating the knowledge of sight or hearing to one of our own species who was born deaf or blind. The vulture, which scents his food beyond the reach of his sight, and the hound, which traces the course of a hare by the contact of the subtle effluvia emitted from it in its flight with his organs of smelling, are instances of the superior excellency of which that sense may be rendered susceptible; and it is more reasonable to believe that the little ant discovers, and communicates the discovery to his fellow-ants, the grain or sweets which lie in the most elevated story of a house to which he has never before had access, and at an immeasurable distance from their commonest in the field, by the means of some unknown organs of sensation than by any extension of the powers of those which we possess in common with other animals.

But, however the senses may vary in other possible forms, I think we may conclude with safety that two of those which we possess are common to every system, though not to every individual or species existing in them. These are feeling and sight. For the first, it is not easy to conceive (though this indeed is no proof, but a presumption,) how any bodily substance can have a consciousness of existence without it, since even our other senses are so connected with it as not to be absolutely distinguishable from it.

For the second position, namely, the universality of sight, we have stronger evidence. The only light that enlightens the globe which we inhabit is that which is emitted from the sun. So vast a store was not laid up in so great a body for the sole use of this little planet, but must be the common property of all the other planets which revolve round it. By analogy we conclude, and trust to it as to demonstration, that the other luminous bodies which float in the immeasurable extent of space, resembling in all their known qualities the sun of our system, are each of them the suns of their own, having other habitable globes revolving round them, to which their light serves for the same purposes as that which illuminates ours, and gives to them, as this does to us, the ideas of colours, forms, and distances of the objects which surround them.

In like manner, it may be inferred that heat and gravitation, which we know of certainly to exist in all other planetary bodies, act upon the perceptions of their inhabitants as they do upon us, though in different and various degrees. What other qualities may belong to them we may not be able to discover; but of this we may be certain, that, whatever they be, such of them as are necessary to animal life, and are referred to the instinctive option of the mind (as is the case here) for their application to their destined uses, will be communicated to it by the agency of corporeal organs provided for their reception. Other substances of an infinite variety, and other correspondent senses, may exist in the system of universal nature, in which it may be our lot hereafter to participate, as the means by which the apportioned blessings of life may be conveyed to us by the bounty of our sovereign Benefactor. These, whatever they are, must be the instruments of our happiness and of our misery, if misery is to make any part of our portion. But, though their specific nature must ever remain hidden from our researches in this state of exclusion from them, we may yet form by speculation some general notions of their possible influence on our future powers of action, and on our happiness dependent on them.

To explain this, it will be necessary to take up the argument from its remote and leading principle.

All things are possible to God which are not contradictory to each other or absurd in terms. The power of God is, therefore, in that sense infinite; and, if infinite, perfect.

It must also have existed from all eternity, or it must have begun to exist without a cause, which is impossible.

His power must have been exerted from all eternity, or it must have been at intervals in inaction. But this is impossible; because it would imply a privation of its activity, which is inconsistent with its perfection. It has therefore been in action from all eternity. It must have had some subject upon which it acted: some substance, therefore, must have existed from all eternity.

By the same train of reasoning, since all things are possible to God, his power extends to the creation of every possible kind and mode of being. But such a power would be useless if not exerted. It follows, therefore, that every possible kind and mode of being do exist in some region or other of his immeasurably extended empire, and must, by the preceding reasoning, have existed from all eternity.

Hence it follows, that the modes of perception and the qualities exciting it are infinite. We as yet know of none that are not confined to the body, where they receive the notices of things, and the sensations of pleasure and pain, derived from them, as these are conveyed to them from without, either by immediate contact, or by corpuscles emitted from them.

There may exist, and therefore we conclude that they do exist, sensitive beings of a higher order in the scale of universal nature, who are endowed not only with recipient organs greatly exceeding ours in variety and susceptibility, but with others which transmit their powers of sensation and perception to remote substances, to the internal parts of things, and to distances beyond human conception and with intellectual powers which may give motion and change to bodies not in contact with their own, as the mind of man directs the movements of his own bodily members.

What an astonishing and magnificent scene does this discovery open to the mind which can conceive it, and dwell upon the contemplation of it! And this may be—this will be our portion hereafter.

A GRIFFIN.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

Jerry Langstave was about as unsophisticated a griffin (a term always applied to new-comers in India), as ever exchanged a cloth coat for a white *chunamed* (starched) jacket. He was however, a good fellow, and every one liked him. Ever ready to lend his cash to a friend, or to accept of a bad bet from a knowing acquaintance. Jerry was universally and deservedly popular.

Jerry's arrival in India was attended with peculiar circumstances,—circumstances which I shall at once relate, and shew the character of the man. When the vessel which bore him to Bengal arrived near Garden Reach, for some particular reasons (reasons with which I am wholly unacquainted,) it was deemed advisable for her to come to anchor,—a manœuvre which ill-recorded with the impatient disposition of Master Langstave, who instantly hired a boat to convey him, without loss of time, to Calcutta.

I have before in similar sketches attempted to set forth the beauties which now struck the eye of the enchanted youth. The picturesque scenery, the strange costumes, the fairy-like bungalows, threw Jerry into raptures, and he blessed the goddess Fortune for having sent him to such a land of delight.

After thus skimming along for about half an-hour, Langstave perceived a dark object floating on the water, over which a bird of prey kept continually hovering. Now, curiosity formed a prominent feature in Jerry's character, so he desired his dandies (boatmen) to pull towards the mysterious subject which

had attracted his attention. The men explained to him in Hindostanee what the said object really was; but, as our friend was wholly unacquainted with that language, he gained little instruction from the explanation, and still persevered in ordering his people to row towards the dark mass. An Indian may remonstrate, he may hang down his head, and look grave, but he never positively disobeys the order of a superior; so, in a few minutes the boat cut across the stream, and scared away the vulture, which, with a cry of rage, flew off as the little bark came near. Jerry started back with horror; his first suspicions were in a moment awfully confirmed, and he gave himself much credit for his foresight and determination. Yes, the object before him was a dead body half putrid, sadly mutilated,—the mortal remains of an unlucky native were floating down with the tide. In a moment Jerry jumped at the conclusion that the corpse thus strangely found was that of some murdered man, basely assassinated on shore, and thrown into the river to conceal the crime. Langstave made up his mind in a moment, determined to sift the matter to the bottom. He instantly ordered his boatmen to lift the body into the boat; this they one and all refused to do with undisguised looks of horror. He had a brace of pistols in his belt; he pulled them out, and presenting them at the head of the principal dandy, swore roundly he would shoot him if he did not instantly comply with his wishes. Every native does not understand English, but every native understands the danger of disobeying a man with a cocked pistol in his hand, so, with many exclamations of annoyance and disgust, they managed, with their oars, and the assistance of a rope, for they seemed afraid to touch the corpse, to drag the body into the boat. As they rowed along, Jerry examined the remains before him, and felt every instant more convinced that a foul murder had been perpetrated. The conduct of his boatmen also perplexed him. Surely they could not have been privy to the dreadful act; yet from their evident wish to get rid of the body, their averted looks, and their sady refusal to touch the now inanimate form, the way in which they called out to other dandies on the river, and the sudden flight of those persons so addressed, began to instil strange misgivings into the mind of Langstave.

Presently they arrived at the principal *ghaut* (landing-place) at Calcutta. Directly their freight was perceived every boat pulled away, and left the spot clear for Jerry to step on shore. This done, he desired his men to take up the body, and follow him to the office of the chief magistrate. In another instant they had leaped on shore, and fled as fast as their legs could carry them, so our friend, *bon gre mal gre*, was left but two alternatives, that of abandoning the affair altogether, or taking up the corpse himself, and carrying it to the police-office. He chose the latter, and, to the horror of every one he met, strutted off, with the body of the black man dangling over his shoulders. Some thought him mad, others believed he thus acted for a bet; but one and all gave him a wide berth, and refused to share the odious task he had undertaken.

Arrived at the magistrate's, he was instantly admitted, and after laying down his ghastly burden, he at once explained the whole circumstance, and the suspicious they had given rise to.

"So you picked up this body in the river?"

"I did."

"What said your boatmen to you when you did so?"

"They grumbled, and objected, I believe, but, as I don't understand Hindostanee, I'm not quite sure."

"And you have no reason for believing that this man was murdered, beyond the fact of finding him in the water?"

"None. But, surely, is not that strong proof presumptive? Who but a murderer would thus dispose of a body, indeed, unless the unlucky man committed suicide?" and a new light seemed to break on the mind of Langstave.

"Are you aware that at least the third part of the population of Bengal are thrown into the river by their relations after death?—that such is considered the most religious mode of disposing of their mortal remains?"

Jerry looked very blank as he whispered out a negative.

"Well, then, my dear sir, allow me to inform you that such is the fact. As you proceed further up the river, you will meet with hundreds of dead bodies daily. And now the only thing you have to do is, to return this carcass to the water as soon as possible, lest you are accused of sacrilege."

"Good gracious! you don't say so? Will you kindly order some of your people to take it down and chuck it into the river?"

"I am sorry to say that is impossible. No native would touch it: he would lose caste if he did."

"What, then, am I to do?"

"Why, as you brought it here, so take it back again."

Jerry was now in a most unpleasant predicament. When he had borne it along before, he was sustained in his dreadful task by a belief that he was doing a sacred duty, an act of justice; but now to parade through the streets with the dead body of a native, with the folly of having picked it up in the river attached to the act, was more than even Jerry could calmly contemplate, and he was about to make some remonstrance, when his late boatmen suddenly burst into the room, and, throwing themselves on their knees before the chief magistrate, began to call out, "*Mofarrou mofarrou, Burrow Sahib, mofarrou!*"—Justice, justice! great sir, grant us justice!

Presently their statement was made, and the high magistrate, turning to Langstave, addressed him.

"Were you longer in the service, sir, it would be my duty to report this strange case to the civil authorities for their notice; but as you are but just arrived, I am willing to believe you have erred from ignorance, rather than from any design to injure; therefore—"

Here Langstave would have spoken, but the magistrate interrupted him.

"Don't speak, sir; you will only make the case worse. You have committed a sad offence, although, I hope, unconsciously. By drawing a dead body from the river, you have been guilty of sacrilege; you have insulted the religion of the natives, which is strictly forbidden by our laws to be interfered with. By placing the said body in the boat you have defiled it: no Hindoo can ever make use of it again. Think yourself lucky, therefore, that I am inclined to deal mercifully towards you."

Langstave once more breathed.

"Look ye, sir, for the dishonour you have brought upon these poor men, you must pay two gold mohurs (4*l.* sterling); for their boat and its appurtenances, two hundred rupees (20*l.* sterling); to which add another gold mohur, and I will get an English sailor I am about to release from prison to carry down these putrid remains, and throw them back into the river."

Now it so happened that poor Jerry had not above thirty pounds in the whole world. He was, therefore about to reply: but a look from the justice gave him a hint that it would be better to pay the money, and have done with it. So, with a look of sorrow, he thrust his hand into his pocket, and was about, after paying down five-sixths of all his worldly store, to depart, when the worthy magistrate managed to whisper to him.

"Take my advice, my young spark: leave Calcutta as soon as you can; for depend upon it, in this city you will be sure to find yourself the reviled and abhorred of the natives, the butt of ridicule of your own countrymen. But, wherever you roam, take my advice, never interfere with religious customs,—neer volunteer to pick up dead natives."

"Thank ye," replied Jerry; "your advice is so good, that I promise to abide by it. They may stuff, roast, and eat each other, without my ever taking the trouble to interfere again."

"*Bohut atchar,*" rejoined the magistrate, "*Consemmar, show the gentleman out.*" As Jerry left the hall, he heard the worthy dispenser of justice audibly exclaim to a friend that stood near,

"What a Griffin!"

ANECDOTES OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RIFLEMAN HARRIS.

A GUINEA FOR ANY MAN WHO WILL PICK UP MY WIG.

It was just at the close of the battle of Vimiero. The dreadful turmoil and noise of the engagement had hardly subsided, and I began to look into the faces of the men close around me, to see who had escaped the dangers of the hour. Four or five days back I had done the same thing at Roliga. One feels, indeed, a sort of curiosity to know, after such a scene, who is remaining alive amongst the companions endeared by good conduct, or disliked from bad character, during the hardships of the campaign. I saw that the ranks of the riflemen looked very thin; it seemed to me one half had gone down. We had four companies of the ninety-fifth, and were commanded that day by Major Travers. He was a man much liked by the men of the rifles, and, indeed, deservedly beloved by all who knew him. He was a tight hand; but a soldier likes that better than a slovenly officer.

I had observed him more than once during this day, spurring here and there, keeping the men well up, and apparently in the highest spirits. He could not have enjoyed himself more, I am sure, if he had been at a horse-race, or following a good pack of hounds. The battle was just over; a flag of truce had come over from the French; General Kellerman, I think, brought it. We threw ourselves down where we were standing when the fire ceased. A Frenchman lay close beside me; he was dying, and called to me for water; which I understood him to require more from his manner than his words (he pointed to his mouth.) I need not say that I got up, and gave it him. Whilst I did so, down galloped the Major in front, just in the same good spirits he had been in all day; plunging along, avoiding, with some little difficulty, the dead and dying, which were strewn about. He was never a very good-looking man, being hard-featured and thin; a hatchet-faced man, as we used to say. But he was a regular good 'un,—a real English soldier; and that's better than if he had been the handsomest ladies'-man in the army. The Major just now disclosed what none of us, I believe, knew before; namely, that his head was bald as a coot's, and that he had covered the nakedness of his nob up to the present time, by a flowing Caxon, which during the heat of the action had been somehow dislodged, and was lost, so that the Major was riding hither and thither, digging the spurs into his horse's flanks, and just as busy as before the firing had ceased. "A guinea," he kept crying as he rode, "to any man who will find my wig!" The men, I remember, notwithstanding the sight of the wounded and dead around them, burst into shouts of laughter at him as he went; and "a guinea to any man who will find my wig," was the saying amongst us long after that affair.

Many a man has died in crossing a brook, it is said, who has escaped the broad waves of the Atlantic half-a-dozen times; the Major had escaped the shot and shell of the enemy in many a hard-fought field, and came off with credit and renown; but it is somewhat singular that Punch and Judy were the individuals who by the Fates were destined to cut his thread of life, for his horse was startled one day as he rode through the streets of Dublin city by the clatter those worthies made with their sticks in one of their domestic quarrels, and swerving to one side, that noble soldier was killed.

GENERAL NAPIER.

I remember meeting with General Napier before the battle of Vimiero. He was then, I think, a major; and the meeting made so great an impression on me, that I have never forgotten him. I was posted in a wood the night before the battle, in the front of our army, where two roads crossed each other. The night was gloomy, and I was the very out-sentry of the British army. As I stood on my post, peering into the thick wood around me, I was aware of footsteps approaching, and challenged in a low voice. Receiving no answer, I brought my rifle to the port, and bade the strangers come forward. They were Major Napier, (then of the 50th foot, I think,) and an officer of the rifles. The major advanced close up to me, and looked hard in my face.

"Be alert here, sentry," said he, "for I expect the enemy upon us to-night, and I know not how soon."

I was a young soldier then, and the lonely situation I was in, together with the impressive manner in which Major Napier delivered his caution, made a great impression on me, and from that hour I have never forgotten him. Indeed, I kept careful watch that night, listening to the slightest breeze amongst the foliage, in expectation of the sudden approach of the French. They ventured not, however, to molest us. Henry Jessop, one of my companions in the rifles, sank and died of fatigue on this night, and I recollect some of our men burying him in the wood at daybreak, close to my post.

During the battle, next day, I remarked the gallant style in which the 50th, Major Napier's regiment, came to the charge. They dashed upon the enemy like a torrent breaking bounds, and the French, unable even to bear the sight of them, turned and fled. Methinks at this moment I can hear the cheer of the British soldiers in that charge, and the clatter of the Frenchmen's accoutrements, as they turned in an instant, and went off, hard as they could run for it. I remember our feeling towards the enemy on that occasion was the north side of friendly; for they had been firing upon us rifles very sharply, greatly outnumbering our skirmishers, and appearing inclined to drive us off the face of the earth. Their lights and grenadiers I, for the first time particularly remarked on that day. The grenadiers (the 70th, I think) our men seemed to know well. They were all fine-looking young men, wearing red shoulder-knots and tremendous-looking moustaches. As they came swarming upon us, they rained a perfect shower of balls, which we returned quite as sharply. Whenever one of them was knocked over, our men called out, "There goes another of Boney's Invincibles." In the main body, immediately in our rear, was the second battalion, 52nd and 50th, the second battalion 43rd, and a German corps, whose number I do not remember, besides several other regiments. The whole line seemed annoyed and angered at seeing the rifles outnumbered by the Invincibles, and as we fell back, "firing and retiring," galling them handsomely as we did so, the whole line cried out (as it were with one voice) to charge. "D—n them!" they roared, "charge! charge!" General Fane, however, restrained their impetuosity. He desired them to stand fast, and keep their ground.

"Don't be too eager, men," he said, as coolly as if we were on a drill-parade in old England; "I don't want you to advance just yet. Well done, 95th!" he called out, as he galloped up and down the line, "well done 43rd, 52nd, and well done all. I'll not forget, if I live, to report your conduct to-day. They shall hear of it in England, my lads!"

A man named Brotherwood, of the 95th, at this moment rushed up to the general, and presented him with a green feather, which he had torn out of the cap of a French light-infantry soldier he had killed.—"God bless you, general!" he said; "wear this for the sake of the 95th." I saw the general take the feather, and stick it in his cocked-hat. The next minute he gave the word to charge, and down came the whole line, through a tremendous fire of cannon and musketry,—and dreadful was the slaughter as they rushed onwards. As they came up with us, we sprang to our feet, gave one hearty cheer, and charged along with them, treading upon our own dead and wounded, who lay in the front. The 50th were next us as we went, and I recollect, as I said, the firmness of that regiment in the charge. The appeared like a wall of iron. The enemy turned and fled, the cavalry dashing upon them as they went off.

After the day's work was over, whilst strolling about the field, just upon the spot where this charge had taken place, I remarked a soldier of the 43d, and a French grenadier, both dead, and lying close together. They had apparently killed each other at the same moment, for both weapons remained in the bodies of the slain. Brotherwood was lying next me during a part of this day; he was a Leicestershire man, and was killed afterwards by a cannon-ball at Vittoria. I remember his death more particularly from the circumstance of that very ball killing three of the company at the same moment, viz. Lieutenant Hopwood, Patrick Mahon, and himself. Brotherwood was amongst the skirmishers with me on this day. He was always a lively fellow, but rather irritable in disposition. Just as the French went to the right-about, I remember he d—d them furiously; and, all his bullets being gone, he grabbed a razor from his haversack, rammed it down, and fired it after them.

During this day I myself narrowly escaped being killed by our own dragoons, for, somehow or other, in the confusion, I fell whilst they were charging, and the whole squadron thundering past, just missed me, as I lay amongst the dead and wounded. Tired and overweighted with my knapsack, and all my shoe-making implements, I lay where I had fallen for a short time, and watched the cavalry as they gained the enemy. I observed a fine, gallant-looking officer leading them on in that charge. He was a brave fellow, and bore himself like a hero; with his sword waving in the air, he cheered the men on, as he went dashing upon the enemy, and hewing and slashing at them in tremendous style. I watched for him as the dragoons came off after that charge, but saw him no more; he had fallen. Fine fellow! his conduct indeed made an impression upon me that I shall never forget, and I was told afterwards that he was a brother of Sir John Euston.

A French soldier was lying beside me at this time; he was badly wounded, and hearing him moan as he lay, after I had done looking at the cavalry, I turned my attention to him, and getting up, lifted his head, and poured some water into his mouth. He was dying fast; but he thanked me in a foreign language, which, although I did not exactly understand, I could easily make out by the look he gave me. Mullins, of the rifles, who stepped up whilst I supported his head, d—d me for a fool for my pains. "Better knock out his brains, Harris," said he; "he has done us mischief enough, I'll be bound for it, to-day."

After the battle I strolled about the field, in order to see if there was anything to be found worth picking up amongst the dead. The first thing I saw was a three-pronged silver fork, which, as it lay by itself, had most likely been dropped by some person who had been on the look-out before me. A little further on I saw a French soldier sitting against a small rise in the ground, or bank. He was wounded in the throat, and appeared very faint, the bosom of his coat being saturated with the blood which had flowed down. By his side lay his cap, and close to that was a bundle containing a quantity of gold and silver crosses, and which I concluded he had plundered from some convent or church. He looked the picture of a sacrilegious thief, dying hopelessly, and overtaken by Divine wrath. I kicked over his cap, which was also full of plunder, but I declined taking anything from him. I felt fearful of incurring the wrath of Heaven for the like offence, so I left him, and passed on. A little further off lay an officer of the 50th regiment. I knew him by sight, and recognised him as he lay. He was quite dead, and lying on his back. He had been plundered, and his clothes were torn open. Three bullet-holes were close together in the pit of his stomach; beside him lay an empty pocket-book, and his epaulette had been pulled from his shoulder.

I had moved on but a few paces, when I recollected that, perhaps, the officer's shoes might serve me, my own being considerably the worse for wear, so I returned again, went back, pulled one of his shoes off, and knelt down on one knee, to try it on. It was not much better than my own; however I determined on the exchange, and proceeded to take off his fellow. As I did so I was startled by the sharp report of a firelock, and at the same moment a bullet whistled close by my head. Instantly starting up, I turned, and looked in the direction whence the shot had come. There was no person near me in this part of the field. The dead and the dying lay thickly all around; but nothing else could I see. I looked to the prining of my rifle, and again turned to the dead officer of the 50th. It was evident that some plundering scoundrel had taken a shot at me, and the fact of his doing so proclaimed him one of the enemy. To distinguish him amongst the bodies strewn about was impossible; perhaps he might himself be one of the wounded. Hardly had I effected the exchange, put on the dead officer's shoes, and resumed my rifle, when another shot took place, and a second ball whistled past me. This time I was ready, and, turning quickly, I saw my man: he was just about to squat down behind a small mound, about twenty paces from me. I took a hap-hazard shot at him, and instantly knocked him over. I immediately ran up to him; he had fallen on his face, and I heaved him over on his back, bestrode his body, and drew my sword-bayonet. There was, however, no occasion for the precaution, as he was even then in the agonies of death.

It was a relief to me to find I had not been mistaken. He was a French light-infantry man, and I therefore took it quite as in the way of business—he had attempted my life, and lost his own. It was the fortune of war; so, stooping down, with my sword I cut the green string that sustained his calibash, and took a hearty pull, to quench my thirst.

There are in the Roman Catholic Church eight patriarchs, 102 archbishops, and 490 bishops, besides 81 episcopal sees, now vacant or filled by bishops suffragan. These numerous vacancies are owing to the state of religion in Spain, Portugal, Russia, and Ireland.

The *Morning Herald* states that Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer has been selected by the government to succeed Mr. Arthur Aston as minister plenipotentiary at Madrid.

Miscellaneous Articles.

THE ADJUTANT.

To a griffin, as they hieroglyphically call strangers in India, perhaps the greatest novelty in Calcutta is that huge, grave, long-beaked bird called the adjutant, but which should rather be named Dominie Sampson; for his air is decidedly more abstracted and pedagogueish than military, and his costume has nothing garish or gay about it. The young Johnny Newcome stares with no slight wonder when he first sees this enormous bird stalking slowly, as if in deep thought, through the streets, flying round a corner within a yard of his person, with his monstrous bill projecting formidably, and threatening him with impalement, gobbling up large bones of beef, or a four-pound loaf, or any other trifle that is pitched out to him; and when he has made a satisfactory meal, standing on one leg, like a mutilated statue, on the highest pinnacle he can find to digest it. The adjutant, as is well known, is a harmless and useful bird, that performs the duty of a scavenger in India, devouring of-fal, and punishing snakes, of which he is very fond. His valuable services are so fully appreciated, that the company have taken him into their charge, and placed the whole fraternity under their protection, punishing with a heavy fine the murder of one of these birds. Yet such is the ingratitude of mankind, that the inoffensive adjutant is persecuted by the most annoying and cruel cricks. Shank bones of mutton are cleansed out and stuffed with gunpowder, with a slow match applied; then the meat is thrown out and swallowed, and when the poor wretch is chuckling over his savory morsel, it explodes and blows him to atoms. A more venial trick, and not unamusing, I confess, is to tie two legs of mutton together with a piece of whipcord, leaving an interval of three or four yards; the gigots are then tossed out amongst the birds, and soon find their way into the stomachs of a couple of the most active. As long as they keep together, it is all very well; but, as soon as the cord tightens, both become alarmed, and take wing, mutually astonished at the phenomena no doubt. A laughable tugging match then ensues in the air, each adjutant striving to mount higher than the other, till at last they attain a great elevation. When, at length, the weaker bird is forced to disgorge his mutton, a new power comes into play—the force of gravity; and the pendulum leg of mutton, after some ridiculous oscillations, brings the conqueror down to the earth a great deal faster than he wishes. These creatures have prodigious powers of deglutition and digestion. It is a very common thing for one of them to seize an impertinent crow, who is troublesome when the adjutant wants to eat his breakfast in quiet, and, turning him right about face with a skilful *coup de bec*, to send him cawing down his capacious throat. I recollect at Dinapore, when we shook a bag fox, and had an hour's run one morning, some silly servant brought the dead animal home, and tossed him into the barrack square amongst the adjutants, who all came flocking about the poor defunct. One ravenous fellow would seize him by the brush, another by the leg, a third by the back; still it would not do, none could manage to gulp him down. At last a wise old bird set about the business scientifically, beginning at the right end; he took the fox's head in his mouth, and bolted it after considerable straining; then, with a great effort, he swallowed the body, till nothing remained but a bit of the tail sticking out of one side of his beak. At this the others began, rather nopelessly, to peck, till at length the gormandizer, becoming annoyed at their teasing, flew off with his delicate lunch to digest it at his leisure.

Events of a Military Life.

AN ENCAMPMENT OF PILGRIMS.

I estimated the number of persons encamped upon the plain before Jericho at 2,500, including a singular variety of languages and costumes. There was scarcely a people under heaven, among whom Christianity is professed, without its representatives here. There were Copts, Greeks, Armenians, Catholics, Protestants, from Abyssinia, Egypt, Asia Minor, Turkey, Greece, Malta, Italy, France, Spain, Austria, Poland, Prussia, Russia, Great Britain, America, and I believe all, or nearly all, other Christian lands. Cossacks were very numerous, and were distinguished for their equipages and personal bearing among a motley assemblage, which could hardly claim to be less than semi-barbarous. Greeks, chiefly from Syria and Asia Minor, constituted the most numerous class. Armenians were also very numerous, and they were by far the most respectable in their appearance of any portion of the company. Several of them were rich merchants from Constantinople and Smyrna. Here, as everywhere else, the Armenians are grave and decent in their deportment and general appearance; unostentatious, unobtrusive, and quiet. It is only in the performance of their religious ceremonies that they seem to be as frivolous and irreverent as the other Oriental Christians. With a very few exceptions, the whole multitude were provided with beasts of burden, and there were nearly as many horses and asses as men and women. A good many were hired for this excursion at Jerusalem; but a great number of pilgrims make their journey to the holy city in this way from the remote parts of Turkey, and, I believe, even from some portions of the Russian dominions. It was remarkable that the pedestrians were mostly from the highly civilised portions of Europe, Italians, Germans, &c., while the wild Cossacks and savage Abyssinians were well mounted. The animals were led out upon the plain to graze in the day-time; but, as darkness came on, they were all brought for safety within the area of the camp. Here they were tethered to long robes, stretched upon the ground, and secured by passing them through the perforated heads of short iron bars or pins, forced into the hard earth by sledge hammers. A large part of the pilgrims slept in the open air, upon carpets, mats, blankets, &c. The forest of thorns was all alive with them; and almost every clump of trees gave shade in the heat of the day, and shelter from the dews of night, to a pilgrim group. This was no mean opportunity to study customs and costumes, when a walk of two or three minutes brought under your inspection the Egyptian dining upon an onion and a sour cake, the Syrian with his hands full of curds, the Armenian feasting on pickled olives or preserved dates, the Cossack devouring huge pieces of boiled mutton, and the European and American seated around a box, serving the purpose of a table, covered with the usual variety of meats and drinks demanded by the pampered appetite of civilised man. As it grew dark, a multitude of fires were kindled throughout the camp and in the grove adjoining, which threw their strong glare upon these very characteristic, curious groups, and gave the fullest effect to the picturesque scene. The red caps, the huge turbans, the vast flaunting robes of striped silk or scarlet, the coarse shaggy jacket and bag trousers of the Cossacks, the venerable huge beards and bare feet and legs of the Orientals, all seemed part and parcel of the human beings who lay nestled together upon the ground like domestic animals, or moved about the illuminated area, thus varying and multiplying, by every possible change of light and shade, the phases and hues of all that appears grotesque and fantastic to an eye accustomed to the graver modes of the western world.

Olen's Travels in the Holy Land.

CLIENTSHIP AND CLANSHIP.

Men who despise, as slavish or degrading, the relation of patron and client, should visit, with eyes and ears open, the mountains of Scotland. There they may still witness the hardy independence and intrepid daring, the warm affections and the generous impulses, which grow up as the fruits of such a system. It is consoling to know that romance, when it exhibits and works up the noblest feelings of our nature, has its elements founded in truth. It is gratifying and delightful to our better minds, though it may be humbling to our pride and selfishness, to see among the poor Highlanders, the contempt for all that is mercenary, the value for all that is elevated, the refined tone of feeling which marks the poorest cottage, and the spirit of self-sacrifice and sublime magnanimity which will display itself in word and action, the moment that chord is touched, which lies deep in the Highland heart, of the connection between the clansman and his chief. This spirit is not yet quite extinct; and oh that it never might be! There are still districts in which the old bond has not been broken; where poverty can walk erect, and be warmly welcomed in the houses of the great, if it bear but on its front the ancient badge of integrity, fidelity, and courage. Throughout the British empire, and indeed throughout Europe, we can find men who will give, and proudly give, their heart's blood for the man or the principle they love. But in the Highlands we find the poor and uneducated, who will give it from depth of filial sentiment, without faction, without bigotry, without self-interest, and who have not learned, and never will learn, to sell either their minds or bodies for the price of gold. The spirit of lofty honour and profound affection, though doubtless in some respects the result of peculiarities in the Highland temperament, yet, from having been so general, proves itself also to have been the effect of the Highland institutions; and where the cord has been loosed or the tie dissolved, it has in no instance been on the side of the people, but on that of the alienated chief, who has been brought up for himself, with foreign feelings, in a foreign land. The reasoning lowland Scotsman, and the calm phlegmatic Englishman, who consider all these feelings as visionary, will no more believe that they existed of old throughout the land of Etruria, than that they are to be found in the Highlands now. Because they find no such devotion in themselves to their highest or first of kin, they cannot credit it in others; not considering that their state of society is differently ordered, and that their institutions do not call such emotions forth. Where the head boasts of caring nothing for the body, as in England, the body, in return, will care nothing for the head; but in Etruria no man lived for himself, he lived for his country and his kindred. And this is as free and as happy a state as the bulk of a nation can ever know; for among the clans any continuance of domestic tyranny was impossible, the good-will of the people towards the chief being even more necessary than the good-will of the chief towards his people; and there can be no doubt, that, if a tyrant did arise in Etruria, he was put away for the next of kin more worthy, even as has occurred in various instances among the clans in Scotland.

Mr. Gray's History of Etruria.

HAYDN AND MOZART.

Haydn was a rigid catholic. It is a fact not generally known, that he hesitated to come to England on account of the national heresy. Apart from this, however, he liked the English so well, that he left the country with regret. To judge from his conduct towards his great rival and contemporary, Mozart, he was a singular example of the absence of jealousy of his brother artists. Mozart was to have come to England the year after Haydn's visit. At a dinner at which both were present, which took place during the negotiations, Haydn said, "I must go first; nobody will listen to Haydn after Mozart;" and, unluckily, it was so determined. Had Mozart come to England at this time, his life might have been preserved, at least for some years, for the fear of destitution, which, preying on his mind, as his biographers tell us, was the main cause of his death, would have been removed. The public here, at least, would not have suffered such a man to go to his grave for want of the means of subsistence. Although twin stars of modern music, Haydn and Mozart differed widely in some things. Haydn was a man of great animal spirits, and a practical joker;—Mozart was a very martyr to dejection. Mozart was a catholic by education, but seems to have troubled himself but little with the formula and ceremonies of his church. Haydn, on the contrary, was a great and confessed devotee: Latrobe, one of his English friends, says, that he wished to be thought a religious character rather than a musician. We have his own confession, that his rosary was a never-failing source of inspiration to him. Mr. Novello, who has seen most of the scores of his great works, says that, secular as well as sacred, they are invariably scrawled on the back with the words *Laus Deo, Gratias a Deo*, and the like expressions. Mozart's household deity appears to have been the boy-god, Cupid.

Musical Times.

A MATRIMONIAL SURPRISE.

The opening of the shooting season was magnificently celebrated on Sunday last, at the Chateau de Bl—, about 12 leagues from Paris. The proprietor for this princely domain, Baron Auguste de T—, had assembled for the occasion a score of the most celebrated of our sportsmen. They took the field at an early hour, and the day being fine and game plentiful, had a glorious day's sport. A comfortable dinner and a good bed awaited them, and they reckoned on taking advantage of the latter as soon as they had discussed the merits of the former. What then was their astonishment when, on rising from the table and going into an adjoining saloon, they found it occupied by the lady of the house, who was believed by all to be in Paris, and a dozen young and lovely women. It was a surprise which the amiable baroness contrived on her husband and his sporting companions. Under any other circumstances nothing could have been more agreeable, but now the sportsmen were clad in the plainest style, and besides, overcome with the fatigues of the day's sport. What was to be done? They must make an effort, and in spite of all not lose their characters for gallantry. The baroness rung the bell and ordered dinner to be served. Here was a fresh dilemma. They had already paid their devotions to the good things prepared for them by their host, and even this they must dissemble, and this embarrassment was got over as best it could. On returning into the saloon, the baroness, as if bent on putting their gallantry to the test, proposed a dance. One of the ladies was invited to take the piano, and the baroness called on the gentlemen to select their partners and commence a *contre* dance. "But, fair lady," said one of the sportsmen, "how is it possible that in our present dress, with shooting-shoes and leather gaiters, we can dance with a lady; the thing is impossible." "Not at all," replied the baroness; "there will only be the more merit in your being light and graceful. Besides, gentlemen, you must remember that we have travelled 12 leagues to have a pleasant evening with you, and you cannot be so devoid of gallantry as to refuse us." Saying this, the baroness presented her hand to a cavalier, the country dance was gone through, followed by a waltz, and kept up until midnight, and not until then did the half-dead sportsmen obtain permission to retire. The following morning, at break of day, they were awakened by the noise of joyous preparations for

another day's sporting—the ladies were taking the field each with her gun on shoulder. Nothing short of following them could be thought of, and it was not until they were all tired with the day's sport that they returned to the chateau. After dinner the gentlemen, to have their revenge, proposed a dance; but a "good night" was the only reply, and the fair sportswomen were soon locked in the arms of Morpheus.

Morning Herald.

A WAR HORSE.—I had a black, savage horse, named Barbary, which was sold to me by Lieutenant Strenowitz, a very gallant German officer, honourably mentioned in Napier's history. His crimes and misdemeanors had been manifold; but he was a showy animal, of a glossy black, and a strong, active, and perfect horse, in the fullest sense of the word. Yet, on more than one occasion had he so ungenerously behaved, that the order to slay him was on the point of being issued. Once, when I visited his stall, and put my hand on his neck to caress him, he seized me by the breast with his teeth; and if I had not made a desperate struggle to escape, and pummelled him well with my fists about the eyes, but especially if my vest and shirt had not given way, he would, in all probability, have dragged me under his fore feet, and killed me outright. I had the marks of his broad teeth on my breast bone for three weeks. When my servant was showing off this amiable animal in the horse market, an elderly French gentleman was struck with his appearance, and asked his age and price. He then moved round him, scanning his points critically; and afterwards made the man walk, trot, and canter him. This ordeal being passed satisfactorily, the buyer examined the joints, feet, and eyes; and, after a long meditative pinch from his snuff-box, proceeded to inspect his mouth. Barbary had hitherto undergone these liberties with forbearance and equanimity; but, when this last freedom was taken with his person, he uttered a fierce yell, seized the poor man by the shoulder and proceeded to worry him as a terrier would a rat. The crowd ran to the rescue, sticks and stones rained on Barbary, and he was obliged to drop his prey before he had committed actual homicide. Of course, all chance of sale for that day was over; the wounded gentleman talked of getting him shot by the authority of the mayor, but Jonathan Wild jumped on his back, the crowd opened right and left, and he soon was in his own stable, four leagues off. I sold this man-eater to a Spanish capitaz of muleteers for two doubloons, though he was worth ten or twelve. He soon commenced his tricks with his new master, but he met with his equal in the biting department. These hardy fellows are accustomed to ferocity as well as stubbornness in their mules, and know well how to subdue them. The last time I saw Mr. Barbary, he appeared in considerable distress, but I had no pity to bestow upon him. His new master was clinging to one of his ears with his teeth, whilst a muleteer with a long cudgel was belabouring his ribs on the other side, as hard as he could strike. Under this pleasant treatment he was leaving Bordeaux, on the road to Spain; and, for aught I know to the contrary, the discipline might have been kept up half the way to the Pyrenees.

Events of a Military Life

INTERESTING LETTER OF DR. FRANKLIN TO SIR JOSEPH BANKS.

In a collection of original letters of eminent literary men of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, edited by Sir Henry Ellis, and recently printed for the Camden Society, we meet with the following characteristic letter of Dr. Franklin, on the subject of war:—

Passy, July 27, 1783.

Dear Sir,—I received your very kind letter by Dr. Blagden, and esteem myself much honoured by your friendly remembrance. I have been too much and too closely engaged in public affairs since his being here, to enjoy all the benefit of a conversation you were so good as to intend me. I hope soon to have more leisure, and to spend a part of it in those studies that are much more agreeable to me than political operations.

I join with you most cordially in rejoicing at the return of peace. I hope it will be lasting; and that mankind will at length, as they call themselves reasonable creatures, have reason and sense enough to settle their differences without cutting throats. For, in my opinion, there never was a good war or a bad peace. What vast additions to the conveniences and comforts of living might mankind have acquired, if the money spent in wars had been employed in works of public utility; what extension of agriculture, even to the tops of our mountains; what rivers rendered navigable, or joined by canals; what bridges, aqueducts, new roads, and other public works, edifices, and improvements, rendering England a complete paradise, might not have been obtained by spending those millions in doing good, which in the last war, have been spent in doing mischief; in bringing misery into thousands of families, and destroying the lives of so many thousands of working people, who might have performed the useful labour.

I am pleased with the late astronomical discoveries made by our society. Furnished, as all Europe now is, with academies of science, with nice instruments, and the spirit of experiment, the progress of human knowledge will be rapid, and discoveries made of which we have at present no conception. I begin to be almost sorry I was born so soon, since I cannot have the happiness of knowing what will be known a hundred years hence. I wish continued success to the labours of the Royal Society, and that you may long adorn their chair; being with the highest esteem, dear sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

CURIOUS CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.

A few days ago, the mistress of a respectable house in the Vauxhall Road was disturbed during the night by the scratching and noise made at her bed-room door on the second floor by a favourite dog, whose general place of repose was in the kitchen. The mistress at first imagined that the dog made the noise merely to get into the room, and rose from her bed to admit him; but on lying down again the dog jumped upon the bed, and by pulling at her sleeve, and using every means available to a dumb animal, endeavoured to show that he wanted her to follow him. On pushing the dog down from the bed, she found that he was wet all over; and being fearful that some accident had happened below, she arose from her bed, and descended the stairs with the faithful animal, and after some difficulty succeeded in obtaining a light in the kitchen. The first place the mistress examined was her servant's bed, to ascertain from her if she had heard any noise or could account for the conduct of the dog, when to her astonishment she found the bed empty. Naturally alarmed at the absence of the servant, she listened for some time in a state of great suspense, fearing that other parties might have entered the house, and at last heard a noise in the back kitchen, as of some person cleaning knives or foras, and the dog beckoning her in that direction, the place having been previously quite dark, to her great surprise she saw her servant standing in her night clothes, and without shoes or stockings, cleaning forks, with her eyes shut, and evidently in a deep sleep. The mistress, after in some degree recovering from her surprise, passed the candle two or three times across the servant's face, but the girl continued her

work with her eyes shut, unconscious of any other person being present, and after rubbing the fork in her hand on the board, held it up to her shut eyes as if examining that it was sufficiently polished, then took the leather to wipe the dust off, and passed it as carefully and correctly between every prong as if she had been wide awake. The mistress, on examining what had been done by her servant in a state of somnambulism, found by a tub of water on the floor, that she had washed the dog, her usual task, and had cleaned a dozen of knives and seven forks, and was proceeding to clean the others, when the unusual motions of the dog attracted his mistress to the spot where the servant was at work. The mistress removed the uncleaned forks out of the reach of the servant, and taking hold of the sleeve of her night-gown gently moved her towards her bed, but, whether from an internal sense of the work she was engaged in not being finished, or the action of the light of the candle on her eyelids, she awoke on the floor, but was quite unconscious of what had taken place. The mistress put the girl to bed, concealing from her what had been done; and, at an after period of the night, visited her bed, but it did not appear that she had again got up in her sleep.

London Paper.

EXTRACTS FROM MY INDIAN DIARY.

BY THE OLD FOREST RANGER.

A vow of vengeance against the bears of Gurug accomplished—A good shot—Narrow escape of the Doctor—The *suttie*—The Rajah of Kolapoor—Maharatta horsemen.

I concluded the last chapter with a solemn vow of vengeance. The reader shall now be informed how that vow was kept.

Dharwar, March 20th.—Immediately on our return to Dharwar, we despatched scouts to scour the country and gain intelligence of the two bears that attacked our horses on the march from Belgaum; and this morning a messenger arrived with the gratifying intelligence that two bears of unusual size had been marked down on the side of a rocky hill about fifteen miles from hence.

My brother and I, accompanied by Dr. Macphoe, immediately started on horseback, and fortunately reached the ground before the game had been disturbed. They were lying asleep in a snug corner under cover of a projecting rock, and might both have been despatched without trouble had it not been for the imprudence of the Doctor, who fired a charge of "grit shot" into one of them before they were properly surrounded. The wounded bear started up with a loud roar, and made off at an awkward gallop, while his companion, putting her head between her legs, rolled over the edge of the rock, plunged into thick cover, and although pursued by the whole party, except myself, succeeded in making her escape.

I gave chase to the wounded bear, and from knowing the country well, managed to head him by cutting across a shoulder of the hill. The moment I showed myself the animal rose upon his hind legs with a savage growl and prepared to do battle: but he had hardly expanded his broad chest, when he dropped at my feet with a bullet through his heart. He uttered one roar, the blood gushed in torrents from his mouth, and sinking to the ground with his head between his fore-paws, as if composing himself to sleep, he expired without a struggle.

We now commenced a tedious chase after the bear that had escaped, and with infinite trouble succeeded in tracking her, through dense underwood, to another hill about a mile from the one on which she had been started.

Here we lost all traces of her amongst the rocks, but the nature of the ground afforded some clue to our further search. The hill was composed of a rugged pile of enormous stones, intermixed with brush-wood, and on the side to which we had carried the trail, presented a perpendicular face of scarped rock from thirty to forty feet high, along the top of which ran a ledge about two feet wide, which the natives informed us led to some deep fissures, likely to afford shelter to the hunted bear.

We now felt satisfied that we had tracked her to her lair, and laid our plans accordingly.

It was arranged that my brother and the Doctor should proceed along the ledge of the rock accompanied by a skilful tracker, while I guarded the only apparent outlet at the opposite extremity, and that the *shikaries* who accompanied us, should take up commanding positions on various parts of the hill, to observe the motions of the bear in case she attempted to break away by some other pass, that might have escaped our notice.

I was making my way to my post, through the tangled brushwood that skirted the base of the rock, and my brother had climbed some distance up the hill for the purpose of stationing the look-out men, when the doctor, who had been left on the ledge at the top of the precipice, moved forward a few paces to obtain a view beyond a projecting point of rock that concealed the remainder of the rugged pathway. He had hardly thrust his long neck beyond the impediment, when he drew back with a shout of astonishment, and levelling his long fuses, shouted at the top of his voice,

"Come here some o' you, come here! The deevil is grinning in my very face."

I could not from where I stood command a view of the bear, but judging from the direction of the doctor's fuses, as he brought the sight to bear upon her, it appeared that she could not be more than forty yards from him.

"Hold your hand, Doctor!" cried my brother; "till I get down to you."

"I canna'," exclaimed the Doctor, in despairing accents, "the rampagin deevil is coming at me with every hair on her back standing on end, and she's amainst at the grippin' o' me."

"Reserve your fire till she is close to you, and make sure work of it."

But the words were hardly uttered when Mons. Meg exploded, with her usual cannonlike report, making the Doctor stagger back from the violence of the recoil, and the bear, uttering a savage roar, rushed forward at a charging pace.

She was evidently hard hit, for her fore-quarters were streaming with blood, but she was still strong and active.

I fired the moment she came in sight, but with unsteady aim, for the bullet rebounding from a rock under her feet, went whistling idly over the hill.

"The spare gun—the spare gun, ye d—d black pagan!" shouted the Doctor, holding out his discharged weapon with one hand to fend off the enraged bear, and extending the other behind him to grasp the spare gun carried by his attendant. But the cowardly knave had fled at the first appearance of danger, and was already a hundred yards from the spot.

The bear was now pressing hard upon the Doctor, and seizing the barrel of the gun in her teeth, wrenched it out of his hands. Another moment and his head would have been between her jaws; but the doctor, with wonderful presence of mind, sprang boldly over the precipice, alighting on the top of a thick bush which broke his fall, and, although stunned and bleeding, he reached the ground without sustaining any material injury.

The bear, to our astonishment, took the leap without hesitation, and was on the point of seizing her unresisting victim, when my brother, who had by this

time reached the platform overhead, levelled his rifle with his usual coolness, and the shot was answered by a hoarse bubbling cry that relieved my mind from a load of anxiety; for although I could neither see the doctor nor the bear, owing to the thick underwood that intervened, I knew well from that peculiar cry, that the death-shot had been administered.

On reaching the spot where the Doctor lay, I found him just recovering his senses, and struggling violently to disengage himself from the carcass of the bear, which was lying across him quite dead, with his cap firmly grasped between her jaws.

It appeared that she was in the very act of seizing the Doctor by the head, when my brother fired with such beautiful coolness and precision. The ball passed through her heart, and she fell dead with the cap in her mouth, leaving the head uninjured.

The poor doctor was so stunned and confused, that it was some time before we could make him understand that his formidable antagonist was actually dead; and he sat for at least ten minutes, gazing in stupefied wonder at her bleeding carcass, before he could find words to return thanks for his almost miraculous escape.

Thus fell the two noted bears of Gurug, and thus was our vow of vengeance accomplished.

Soon after the above adventure, my brother and I, accompanied by the Doctor and a young civilian, made another excursion to the western coast, where we had good sport, as usual. But as my readers have had more than a fair proportion of sporting adventures lately, I shall confine my extracts from the notes taken on this occasion to the description of a *suttie*, or self-immolation of a Hindoo widow, which we happened to witness.

The *suttie* took place at a village a few miles from our camp, and horrible as it may sound to stand by and see a fellow creature—a woman—burnt to death, yet my brother, and the young civilian, being the only magistrates in the neighbourhood, considered it their duty to attend the ceremony, in hopes of dissuading the infatuated victim from her purpose, or failing of this, at least to rescue her in the event of her springing off the pile; for if no Europeans were present the brutal Brahmins would, under such circumstances, thrust her back into the flames; and instances have occurred where the woman's life has been saved by the interposition of a magistrate, even after the fatal pile has been lighted.

When we arrived at the spot, we found a number of Brahmins erecting the funeral pile close to the sea; and it excited feelings of unutterable disgust, to see the relations of the unfortunate widow laughing and jesting as they arranged the horrid apparatus. They appeared to look forward with pleasure to the approaching tragedy, and no one seemed to bestow a thought on the fearful sufferings which the victim of superstition must endure ere the sacrifice was completed.

The pile was composed of logs of wood interspersed with layers of dry straw, sugar-canes, and other combustibles; this was covered with a mat, and to render it still more inflammable, was saturated with *ghee*, or clarified butter. The height of the erection might be about four feet, the breadth being just sufficient to admit of two bodies lying side by side; and above it was a platform of dried wood, so constructed as to fall upon the bodies as soon as the fire consumed the slight props by which it was supported.

After about two hours spent in building the pile, a confused din of trumpets and tomtoms announced the arrival of the widow, preceded by the corpse of her husband, and followed by a crowd of friends and relations. She was a beautiful young creature not more than eighteen or nineteen years of age, and my blood ran cold as I saw her led forth like a lamb to the slaughter.

Much as I had heard of the courage displayed by Indian women in the act of self-immolation, I did not believe it possible that one so young, and of so delicate a frame as the present victim, could behold the dreadful apparatus prepared for her destruction without a shudder. But no traces either of sorrow or of fear were visible on her placid countenance. She seemed to have taken leave of this world for ever, and to have fixed her every thought on the prospect of meeting her husband in eternity.

Her pale, interesting features gave the most perfect idea of resignation. And her firm step and self-possessed manner satisfied us that no exciting or stupefying drugs had been administered to prepare her for the awful ceremony.

We had come determined to save the poor creature if possible, and were more than ever anxious to do so now that we had seen her.

While the corpse was being prepared for the funeral pile, we insisted on being allowed an interview with the intended victim, and made use of every argument to dissuade her from her purpose. We offered to make her a handsome allowance for life, and to protect her from the malice of the priests if she only consented to live. But all was of no avail. The accursed Brahmins had done their work too well.

If a widow refuses to sacrifice herself, those crafty hypocrites, those ministers of the devil, expel her from her caste with curses and ignominy; she is looked upon as a degraded being; she cannot marry again; she becomes an outcast, shunned and despised by all; and even her nearest relatives dare not countenance her. In the temples women are daily exhorted to this act of self-immolation, by promises of eternal happiness, and threatened with poverty, scorn, and infamy, if they allow the natural love of life to prevail.

Is it then to be wondered at that poor, ignorant creatures, thus urged and threatened by a crafty priesthood, prefer death, even a fiery death on the funeral pile, to life purchased at such a price?

The poor girl appeared grateful for the interest we took in her; and a tear—the first we had seen her shed—trembled on her long silken eyelashes as she thanked us; but her resolution remained unshaken. She presented each of us with a cocoanut, which she begged us to keep for her sake; and waving her hand with the air of an inspired being, she motioned us to withdraw.

To my dying day I shall never forget that scene.

As we turned to depart, I saw a devilish smile of triumph steal over the countenance of the officiating priest.

The corpse having been stripped, and washed in the sea, was stretched naked as it was upon the ground in front of the funeral pile; and the widow, seating herself at the head, prepared to take leave of her relations. It was very affecting to see her aged mother throw herself at her daughter's feet, kiss them, and bid her farewell.

The poor girl's firmness could not withstand this trial—she wept bitterly—but it was only for a moment. Waving her hand, as if wishing to be left to her own thoughts, she appeared to forget everything upon earth, and with her face raised to heaven called incessantly on her gods. Her attitude was that of intense devotion, and except when disturbed by persons kissing her feet, or making her touch cocoanuts, which are then esteemed holy, she never moved a limb.

During this time the priests chanted passages from their sacred books, promising eternal happiness to their poor victim if she kept up her courage and

completed the sacrifice. When they had finished, the corpse was laid upon the funeral pile, and the widow, unassisted, walked three times round it. Having completed the third round, her little brother knelt at her feet and kissed them, while her father poured oil upon her head; and the unfeeling monsters who surrounded her, many of them women, raised a joyful shout, mingled with peals of laughter, as if exulting at the near approach of the last awful ceremony. It was fearful to behold such hardness of heart, particularly among women.

The young widow's earthly career was now drawing rapidly to a close. A few moments more, and she would be suffering the most horrible of deaths. But her eye quailed not, nor did her lips quiver. She ascended the fatal pile as if it had been her bridal-bed; and stretching herself by the side of the loathsome corpse, already in an advanced stage of decay, she clasped it in her arms, and rested her beautiful head on the breast, which was literally a weltering mass of corruption.

It was fearful to behold the living and the dead thus united; to contrast the rounded limbs and graceful figure of that fair girl, with the bloated, grinning corpse which she held in her embrace. My heart sickened at the sight, and a feeling of deadly faintness came over me; but I had strength to see the tragedy completed.

I was close to the pile, and watched the poor victim's countenance narrowly; it was pale as death, but perfectly placid. She never moved a muscle, and appeared more like a marble image than a living being. Even on the brink of eternity, with the prospect of so fearful a death before her eyes, the fortitude inspired by a blind and devoted superstition, supported her through the trial.

When all the preparations were completed, a horrid yell was raised, and a number of men rushed, with lighted torches, towards the pile, shouting, dancing, and screaming like demons. In an instant the whole was in flames. Heaps of burning straw fell on the two bodies. The death shriek of the wretched victim was drowned amidst the roar of a thousand voices.

The flickering flames rose high above the pile. All was one glowing mass of fire, and the poor creature's sufferings were ended. Once I saw her struggle, but it was only for a moment, and dreadful though her agony must have been, it could not have lasted above a few seconds. The wind was high, and the dry wood burnt with such fury, that in a few minutes more than half the pile was consumed, and no one would have guessed that two human bodies were smouldering in the midst of it.

As we turned to leave the accursed spot, the worthy doctor, who had hitherto remained a silent but deeply affected spectator of the dreadful ceremony, found it impossible any longer to restrain his indignation, and striding up to the principal Brahmin, he gave vent to his outraged feelings, by damning him to his heart's content in choice Malabar, of all known languages, the one most abounding in powerful anathemas.

The haughty Brahmins, accustomed to lord it over the timid Hindoo, stood perfectly aghast at being thus bearded, in presence of his disciples, by an unbelieving kaffer. He was "something more than wrath," and would doubtless have roasted poor Macpherson alive had he possessed the power to do so. As it was, he had to brook the insult as best he might, while the doctor, spitting on the ground in token of his utter disgust, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and walked away, evidently much relieved by this outpouring of his wrath.

Since the time I write of, the Indian government have, on the principle of "better late than never," succeeded in putting a stop to these barbarous sacrifices. But I look upon it as a lasting disgrace to the British nation, that such diabolical cruelty should have been so long tolerated.

It used to be said, that it might endanger the country to interfere with the superstitious observances of the natives. A feeble excuse for still more feeble policy. Did we not, many years before, when our hold upon the country was much less firm than at the time I write of, put a stop to the unnatural practice of sacrificing female children? And what dangerous consequences ensued? None whatever; the mass of the people blessed us for our interference. Why then were *suttees* tolerated? Who were the instigators and perpetrators of those heathenish rights? A very small proportion of the population. None but high caste Brahmins burnt their widows; and had we then, as we have now, declared any one guilty of murder who assisted at such a ceremony, or, by threats or promises, instigated others to do so, we should not only have acted manfully and a Christian part, but have saved thousands of victims from a miserable death; and, as the result proves, without in the slightest degree diminishing our influence in the country.

On our way back from the coast, we made a detour to the northward, and at Merrich met Lord C—, the Governor of Bombay, who was making a progress through the southern Mahratta country, to visit the native chiefs.

To those who delight in barbarous pageantry, this would have been a fine opportunity for indulging their propensity. The whole country appeared to keep holiday; and *durbars* and processions were of daily and hourly occurrence.

The Rajah of Kolapoor, almost the last prince of the once powerful Mahratta race, and the only one whose court still flourishes in the true semi-barbarous style, was one of many whom we visited. He is a little black, vulgar looking man; and his court, like that of most Indian princes, exhibits a curious mixture of magnificence and tawdry finery. He received us most graciously, and did his best to amuse us with nautes, reviews, and hunting parties.

I have, in a previous chapter, described the method of running down the antelope with hunting leopards, which is the Rajah's favorite sport, but one not at all suited to my taste. The reviews were more interesting, and I was much pleased with the gallant bearing of the Mahratta horsemen.

They are fine-looking men, well mounted on tall, active, native horses, and armed with a sword, and a lance about twelve feet long. In the use of this latter weapon they are unrivalled, and in their exercises perform feats which, to those who have not witnessed them, must sound almost incredible; that of picking up a tent-peg on the point of a lance, struck me as one of the most extraordinary. A tent-peg, as thick as a man's arm, and upwards of two feet long, is driven firmly into the ground, till only a few inches remain above the surface, and a man exerting his utmost strength cannot pull it up. The horseman rides past this at speed, and striking it with the point of the lance, jerks it out of the ground and carries it off.

By what peculiar knack a man is enabled to do this with a slender bamboo spear, I never could understand; but it appears to be done without any effort on the part of the horseman, and almost invariably at the first attempt.

A company is established for conveying persons from London to Paris and back, for twenty guineas, which will include travelling expenses, board and lodging at first rate hotels, amusements, fifteen visits to the theatres, trips by railroad to Versailles, St. Germain, &c.

Foreign Summary.

FREE TRADE PRINCIPLES IN FRANCE.—During the visit of the Duke de Nemours to the city of Lyons, the president of the council of prudhommes waited on his royal highness, and requested his protection for the silk manufacturers:—"The silk manufacturers of Lyons (said the president), manufacture more than 150,000,000 francs' worth of silk, one-third of which is done by handiwork. Independently of 200,000 operatives occupied in this manufacture, its produce interests more than 20 departments of the south, whose principal resource is the growth of silk. Such an extensive manufacture has need of markets, and can only obtain them when the prohibitive system and high duties shall be replaced by the liberty of exchanging our produce. Treaties of commerce, based upon reasonable concessions, by permitting foreign produce to be admitted into France, with a reduced rate of duty, will cause to be reduced the exorbitant duties now levied on our silks, and which interfere with our exports. Commercial exchanges will become numerous and more regular. National wealth will increase, and the condition of our operatives become improved. Such are the wishes of the council of prudhommes of Lyons."

The Rev. Dr. Chalmers preached in the open air to a congregation of several thousand persons, on Sunday week, at Bauchory, near Aberdeen. A tent had been provided, but the congregation was five times as numerous as could have been accommodated within it. The scene recalled the early times of Scotch presbyterianism.

The long talked of embankment of the Thames, from Whitehall to Blackfriars Bridge, is at length about to be undertaken. A proposition has also been made to erect a handsome superstructure, two stories high, forming a covered way over Waterloo Bridge, the first floor to form a museum, the second a green house and promenade.

Lord Jeffrey's "Contributions to the Edinburgh Review" are announced as in the press.

The Pope is in the thirteenth year of his pontificate, and on the 18th ult. reached his 78th year.

There is not a field of corn standing between Limerick and Ennis, a distance of 20 miles: so quick progress has the early harvest made.

A new steam ship, 180 feet long, which is to have stem and stern exactly alike, and a rudder fitted to each, was laid down last week at Chatham.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

The question of a free-trade treaty with the United States is narrowed considerably by our legislation of last year. The Canadian Corn Act is an advanced post. The corn trade between England and Canada is on the footing of a free trade. The duty on Canadian wheat is a nominal one; and if this be considered in connexion with the situation of the great wheat-growing districts of the United States, this act will become of the greatest commercial importance; not, unfortunately, on account of the regular trade it will establish, but for the irregular trade that will rise up under it.

The total growth of wheat in the United States is from twelve to thirteen millions of quarters per annum. It is every year on the increase. One-half of this quantity yearly is grown within the States, whose shores are washed by the great lakes dividing Canada from the United States. There is a duty of three shillings a quarter upon all wheat crossing the frontier. There are several large and thriving trading towns upon the American shores—Chicago, Rochester, Buffalo, for instance. Now does any one believe, that American wheat will not find its way into warehouses on the Canadian shore, and thence find its way to England as Canadian wheat or flour? On such a frontier, can any custom-house vigilance or regulations effectually prevent it? An establishment, capable of effectually opposing the smuggler on such a line of coast, would absorb the whole duty the Canadian exchequer is likely to receive by this unworthy contrivance to allay agricultural hostility to what, after all, is but a Canadian job. Verily the parliamentary landlords are the most easy and credulous of mortals, if they rely upon a board of customs in Canada!

But this is not all. The northern States, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, and others, all wheat-growing States, the last the most productive of them all, and bringing yearly a greater breadth of land into cultivation for an export trade, are the only States likely to be benefitted by this irregular trade. The southern States are excluded from it by the duties imposed on foreign corn. These States, however, are our natural allies and friends. Our market is the foundation of their trade. And when the northern States were bent upon establishing a high protective system, it was South Carolina, under the guidance of Mr. Calhoun, that broke that system down. And it was mainly owing to his resolution and eloquence that the powerful interests, combined under such able leaders as Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster, were checked, and ultimately defeated, in their attempts to save and re-establish a sickly system of monopoly in the New World, which every enlightened writer and thinker in the Old World had condemned and abandoned.

If, then, these views are correct, what is the true policy of this country towards America? Clearly this,—to make friends with the *whole* nation, to abandon a miserable measure calculated only to bring about an indirect smuggling trade through Canada, and by negotiating, or offering to negotiate, a treaty directly with the government at Washington (which Sir Robert Peel's speech, coupled with the opportune letters in the *Times*, lead us to think must be already the subject of negotiation)—cement the common interests of both countries. Such a treaty would supply the wants of the two countries—markets for the products of the land and the loom; would extend their industry, reward their labour, give security and profit to the capitalist, and consolidate the power of England and America in favour of peace, wealth, and civilization.

"Great Britain," said Mr. Jefferson, who was never thought too partial to England, and if he had been, looking at the conduct of English cabinets, we will not say the English people, he would not have been an American, "is the nation that can do us the most harm of any one, or all, on earth; and with her on our side, we need not fear the Old World. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship; and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause." The cause then proposed to be upheld by the joint power of England and America was that of political liberty, in opposition to the Holy Alliance against all liberal institutions in Europe.

The cause in which they might now be united is that of commercial freedom. Their cordial union would place the commerce of the two countries upon a durable foundation. European nations might punish and impoverish each other by vicious tariffs as variously and long as they pleased. The beneficial exchange of the products of the loom of England, and the land of the United States, would make them independent of the world.

Examiner.

* Mr. A. Billings is authorised by us to receive subscriptions and collect monies in Tennessee and the adjoining States.

Mr. John C. Badger, of Montpelier, Vt., is appointed agent for that place and neighbourhood.

* Messrs. W. H. and W. M. Wheeler have been appointed our agents for the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and Arkansas.

* Mr. Jno. W. Balfour is our agent for the city of Toronto.

We have appointed Messrs. Brainard & Co. our sole Agents, at Boston, for the Anglo American.

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THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1843.

In the affairs of the British and French naval armaments in the Pacific, such as the assumption of authority by either of them at the Marquesas, the Society Islands, and the Sandwich Islands, there were two or three circumstances that caused in us wonder and indignation. These feelings have, on the one hand, been gradually set at rest by the subsequent action both of the British armament, and of the government to which it owes obedience; but with respect to the French squadron in that quarter, matters still wear an air of uncertainty, though we doubt not that a cool, temperate, and steady resolution on the part of Commodore Nicolas, backed as his authority in all probability is, by that of Admiral Thomas, the British Commander-in-chief on that station, will cause a speedy settlement of all matters still undecided, and preserve to those groups the political independence to which they are justly entitled.

Before we go farther, however, into the consideration of the French conduct in the Pacific, it may be well to animadvert upon that of the British; and having disposed of that, the other may be introduced with a somewhat better grace. It is admitted that the proceeding of Lord George Paulet at the Sandwich Islands will not bear entire justification; for we hold it that reasons must be exceedingly strong indeed which will warrant the servants of a foreign power to enter into possession and assume full authority over a government admitted to be independent, even though its actual power be nearly insignificant. It ill suits either with the dignity of a powerful nation hastily to assume active superiority, when the consciousness of it is known largely to exist. But his Lordship could at least urge plausible and tolerable excuses, in the circumstance of misinformation respecting the position and conduct of the British functionaries whom he found at the Sandwich Islands, and whom, together with the general interests of his country in their charge, he was bound to protect. But let us look at the British government, to which all this was referred. With the utmost promptitude orders were sent out for the restoration of authority to the native rulers, and a frank and open avowal accompanied those orders, of the independence of the Sandwich Islands, which the British Government determined to protect and uphold. Could England do more? She could not prevent the accidental wrong, but she was too magnanimous either to avail herself of it, or even to excuse it. She put the matter fairly and fully to rights, and therefore she is entitled to vindicate similar rights when she perceives their infraction by another power.

It is something new to find France a colonizing nation in distant regions. Grant that she has ere now been busy enough in the East and West Indies; yet in both these the purposes of commerce and dominion have been directly before her. But of a nation hitherto deemed so essentially military, it has neither been the case, nor has it been expected, that her armaments should traverse the great Pacific to make conquests or to acquire possessions. The desire for exploration, and the ardour of enterprise have always been sufficiently manifest in the character of that brave people, but they have always been indifferent colonial settlers. A new species of public feeling seems to have begun to pervade the French character since 1830,—perhaps originating in the sagacity of Louis Philippe. The sentiment so long cherished in English hearts, of "Ships, Colonies, and Commerce," is becoming adopted by France, and with all the zeal which usually attends new converts, they are carrying out the newly-adopted principle with enthusiasm and haste.

But it is dangerous for zeal to outrun discretion; and human power is never so great but that, if too arbitrarily used, it will find an effective check at some time or other. This remark is more particularly true as regards external national and political action in modern times, in which wholesome jealousy pervades every government, with regard to the conduct of all its neighbours and contemporaries. It may be true that the native government of the Society Islands was distracted by civil broils, divided, weak, and vacillating. But were these reasons of sufficient force for the French power to intrude itself and seize an authority which their government had recognised as independent? Would it not have been more in accordance with the dignity of a great nation to have offered to become moderators of the internal disorders, and to have done their best for the restoration of general tranquillity and the maintenance of constitutional authority?—But no; the seizure of the Marquesas—an easy task, but which requires justification—had sown the new seed of colonial desire, and the seizure of authority at the Society Islands was but the next step in the newly-awakened scheme of aggrandisement. We regret to remember the moral debasement which accompanied that seizure, and are thereby but the better satisfied with the interposition of Commodore Nicolas thereon. How the matter will result we know not, but we have great reliance on the equitable principles of King Louis Philippe and the French Cabinet. Meanwhile we trust that hostilities will not break out between the two naval forces on the spot, but that both

sides will see the prudence of leaving the question to the arbitrament of their several governments.

The following proclamation has been issued by Commodore Nicolas, whose determination is put forth, as we think, in a moderate and becoming manner; it must give a complete sense of protection to the British residents at Tahiti and the neighbouring islands, and is so couched that although it may cause some mortification to the French naval commander, it leaves the latter no justification for hostility.

To the principal British residents, and all other British subjects, in the Islands of Tahiti and Mooraa:

Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Vindictive*, in Papeete Harbor, Tahiti, }
June 20, 1843.

Gentlemen,—It has become my duty to acquaint the subjects of her Britannic Majesty now residing in the dominions of the Queen of Tahiti that I have received instructions to cause them to seek for whatever justice they may require, from the officers of their own Sovereign, in this island, or through the established Court of Laws of the Queen Pomare; and that they are not to attend to any summons as jurors, nor to hold themselves subject to any regulations or jurisdictions, of any sort, from the French authorities temporarily established here, under the style of a Provisional Government; nor to any officer of France, be his rank or station whatever it may, until the decision of the Queen of England regarding Tahiti, is known. Although determined to enforce this regulation, should it unhappily become necessary in the rigid fulfilment of the orders that I have received, yet I shall continue to do my best to preserve a good understanding with the officers of the French Navy stationed here, and I sincerely trust that nothing will arise to disturb the harmony which has hitherto subsisted between the subjects of our respective nations.

I deem it proper that I should here observe to you, that I feel quite assured that England seeks not, desires not, to maintain a *paramount* influence in these islands. But, while she repudiates such an intention, and declares, as she has so repeatedly done, in reply to the several solicitations of the successive sovereigns of Tahiti to become its permanent protector, that she will not assume any preponderating power over its government, yet Great Britain is, I am equally assured, determined that *no other Nation* shall possess a *greater* influence or authority in these states, than that which, from her long and intimate connection with them, she claims as her natural right to exercise. More than all do I believe myself authorised to state that it is the determination of the Queen of England to preserve the sovereignty of Tahiti, *independent and free*.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, yours, with every consideration,
J. TOUP NICOLAS, Commodore.

[The following report has been forwarded to us by a correspondent in Philadelphia with a request that we would give it publicity. To this we do not object, although we by no means adopt the responsibility of all that is therein propounded. But inasmuch as it is given in generally discreet terms and moots questions well worthy of consideration, we give it for what it shall be found to be worth.]

"WOULD A REPEAL OF THE LEGISLATIVE UNION BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND PROMOTE THE CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTIES OF THE LATTER COUNTRY?"

An interesting discussion on the above question was held at the Hall of the Union Library Society in Philadelphia, and was continued during six evenings, to crowded audiences, each speaker occupying about 25 minutes.

The following is the substance of the address submitted by a member of the Society of the sons of St. George of Philadelphia, in the negative, viz:—

In rising Sir, with the purpose to controvert some of the statements made by persons who moved the affirmative of this Question, I beg to assure those gentlemen, that I have no wish to say any thing offensive to any Roman Catholic on this occasion. I have relatives who belong to that persuasion, and am also related to persons connected with the Episcopal establishment, my wish therefore is to address myself to the question, free from any personal asperities. I would remind the gentlemen that this great American Union was entered into by the 13 United provinces in Congress assembled, and I would ask the gentlemen, whether any other power on earth, is competent to dissolve this Union of the United States of America than the Congress of the U. S. —If not, let us as American citizens be careful how we seek to dissolve the legislative Union of another Country, to which we are bound by the ties of consanguinity and solemn treaties, of profound peace. Let me ask what power on earth can dissolve that Union but the Parliament that entered into the Union. Our Democracy ought to teach us to respect the rights of others, as well as to maintain our own.

I would beg to refer the Gentlemen to the period of Henry the Second, King of England, when his Holiness the Pope made a grant of the Kingdom of Ireland to that monarch, and the conditions were that Henry should collect from each house in Ireland one penny and transmit the same to Rome, for the benefit of the patrimony of St. Peter. He gives him entire right and authority over the Island, and commands the natives to obey him as their Sovereign, to the glory of God and the salvation of the souls of men. And this grant of Pope Adrian of 1156 was confirmed by other Popes of subsequent periods. Now this is authority not to be resisted by any true son of the Church of Rome; for if the Bulls of the Popes be infallible, those who advocate the present agitation of this repeal and separation, do resist the authority of Holy Church and expose themselves to all the horrors of excommunication and anathema! This peculiarly affects them as Catholics, although the objection does not apply to the Protestants of Ireland, who can have no anathema to dread in the rational pursuits of liberty; but the Protestants do not desire a repeal of the Union, and they are to be depended on as upholding it by every means in their power.

Again, Dermot McMurrugh, King of Leinster, craved the second Henry's assistance in recovering his Kingdom, and offered in that event to hold it of him in vassalage. The event was that Henry completed the conquest of Ireland, and upon this conquest he annexed that country to England and became by treaty as well as conquest its monarch.

I doubt also the possibility of a repeal of the Union on the following grounds,

viz.—That the Roman Catholics of Ireland are, when embodied in Regiments of Militia, Yeomanry, and regular troops, some of the most devoted soldiers of Great Britain. We will look at China at this moment. There the gallant 18th Royal Irish Regiment, and the distinguished Colonel of that Regiment Sir. H. Gough, who is also Commander-in-Chief of the army of operations, have excited the admiration of the world. I would also refer you to many other Catholic officers and Regiments—the three Battalions of the 27th, the 28th, the 87th, the 88th—Sir. Denis Pack, and many others whose names are immortalized in the campaigns of the Peninsular war, and in the crowning glories of Waterloo.—In the Irish Catholic militia, look at the north Cork, the Royal Dublin, and many others who poured out their blood like water to preserve Ireland from its domestic calamities in the year '98. I would ask the gentlemen whether these are the men who are going to play a false part at this crisis, and to see their country torn to pieces by domestic traitors and factions.

One of the gentlemen has endeavoured to draw a parallel between the crisis of '76 and the present time. Sir, I do protest against any similarity being claimed. If I know any thing of American affairs, the men of '76 took their great stand on the principle of representation in Parliament; they contended and most justly, that taxation without representation was slavery. But let us look at Ireland—with 104 members taking their places and boldly advocating their country's rights and interests in the House of Commons, with a very powerful body of the English members always ready to join them in obtaining "Justice for Ireland," with 28 Irish Peers, and 4 Bishops in the House of Lords, I have yet to learn that there is any similarity between the era of '76, and the present cry for "O'Connell and Repeal."

Doctor John Cantwell, an Irish Catholic Bishop, at one of the late repeal meetings lately delivered a sentiment as follows.

"Liberty" "Ireland for Irishmen," "and Victoria for our Queen." Well gentlemen, all these they have at present; because if they really mean Victoria to be their Queen, under the proposed change—if Doctor Cantwell is not the Doctor Cantwell of the comedy—I must tell them that they are seeking their own degradation. Is it not better for Ireland, I ask, that one hundred and thirty six Irish members should boldly enter the United Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland at Westminster, on an equality with the proudest English members, than that a separate Parliament should be assembled in Dublin? A secondary concern, with all their enactments subject to a degrading Veto of the British Government? It appears to me that they have a very strange idea of what would be to the advantage of Ireland.

I fear, however, that something else is really meant. If the cry of O'Connell and Repeal means a transfer, or break-up of the present Church Establishment in Ireland and the raising up the Roman Catholic Church as an Establishment on its ruins, every well wisher of human liberty, and myself among the number, will be excused (although no friend to church establishments, as such) in giving a preference to the present Establishment in that country.

The gentlemen deny the Pope's infallibility, though to answer particular purposes they do at times admit it. This Protean method of conducting this discussion, making him infallible when it suits their purposes and fallible at other times, leads us sometimes to ask, what they really do mean.

They admit his infallibility when sitting in council, if I understand aright; consequently his Bull giving Ireland to England is an infallible Bull; his Bulls anathematizing the Reformers are infallible; his deposition of John King of England, of Elizabeth, of several of the German Emperors, all these were infallible! What becomes then of the assertions that "in all things temporal we acknowledge the authorities of the Land in which we live, in all things spiritual the authority of his Holiness?"—Vide Bishop Kenwick of Philadelphia.

It has been said in this discussion that England governs Ireland on principles of exclusion. I deny the proposition. I say that they enjoy every privilege in common with other subjects of that empire; some of the most eminent men, warriors, statesmen, lawyers, clergy, and artists, are natives of Ireland; Wellington, Beresford, Pack, Gough, and among others many members of the administration, Lord Manteague, Shiel, Fitzgerald, O'Loughlin. Several of the Irish peers are Catholics, some held office as Lords of the Treasury, some in every branch of all the different services of the Government.

Perhaps the gentlemen in their wisdom can tell us who it was that became a party to disfranchising 200,000 honest hard-working Irish 40 shilling freeholders, for the purpose of getting into power himself—each of whom were as entirely worthy of his right of voting at elections as that learned gentleman himself. He placed his foot on the necks of 200,000 freeholders that he himself might thereby obtain what he had long been grasping after, viz. a seat in Parliament, and thus consented to barter away the rights of his poorer countrymen that he might ride over them roughshod into power, under what was called the Catholic Emancipation Bill, thus consenting to the Eight pound suffrage and abolishing the 40 shilling freehold. I am unable to give Mr. O'Connell credit for that splendid and enlightened patriotism of which we hear so much, in this case; and of his disinterestedness, when we think of the large sums drawn from the poor peasantry of Ireland in the shape of the repeal rent.

Some of the gentlemen here have asserted that the domestic produce of Ireland is drawn from that country, and from the starving multitudes, by robbery, to supply the English. Let us look at things as they really are,—any merchant in this city selling a large invoice of goods to a dealer and getting his equivalent in cash or trade, would not think that a robbery: such is the kind of transfer that takes place daily and yearly between England and Ireland. In 1835 the shipments of Corn, Pork, Bacon, Flour, Butter, Meal, &c. amounted to about eighteen millions of pounds; the shipments to Ireland to about twelve millions; leaving a balance in favour of Ireland of about six millions paid in specie—this is the kind of robbery of which we hear so much. Thirty millions of dollars in specie in favour of Ireland in one year!

I will not now trouble you with all the details, though they are at hand.

I pass on to the amount of the revenue of Ireland

In 1799, the last year of the separate legislature, the revenue was... 1,500,000.

In 1810 it was... 4,500,000.

and the returns every ten years since will show an improvement. Can Ireland then afford to separate from England? If this separation should take place by force, then she would have the decided hostility of England to encounter, and can she afford to lose her best customer. What is she to do with her surplus produce? France will not take it, England will not, Germany does not want it, neither does Russia; America is out of the question. Again, how is Ireland to preserve her national independence? can she protect herself from hostile fleets and armies of neighbouring powers? and such neighbours!—the idea is too much marked by senility, to be entertained for one moment! Believing that a repeal of the Union would be every way destructive to the interests of that beautiful country Ireland—I do most sincerely meet the question with a most decided and emphatic negative.

On Wednesday morning the Packet ship *Yorkshire* was launched at Bell and Co's. Ship Yard. This magnificent vessel, which is to be one of the Old Black Ball line, is one of the largest in the trade between New York and Liverpool; her length is 166 feet from stem to stern, she has 36½ feet beam, 21 feet depth of hold, and her tonnage, carpenter's measure is 1100 tons. Her internal arrangements are of course not yet completed; yet there is already abundant evidence that she will be in every respect commodious and convenient. The launch took place at precisely a quarter before 11 o'clock, when she went off in beautiful style with her deck absolutely covered with visitors. There was a considerable assemblage of ladies, who were comfortably accommodated with seats on board of a U. S. Revenue vessel stationed advantageously near to the ship. It will probably be remembered that the gentlemen from *Yorkshire* (England) some time back intimated to Captain Marshall their wish that a ship, to be named *The Yorkshire*, should be brought into his line of Packets, to which he frankly assented, and promised that it should take place shortly. In testimony of their satisfaction, the *Yorkshire* gentlemen promised to present the ship with her flags, Jacks, signals, and her cabin cutlery; all which will be done before she departs on her first voyage. The *Yorkshire* will take her place in the Old Ball line, on the 19th January next, and we prognosticate for her a prosperous career.

* * Report of the Welsh Society next week.

[From a private Correspondent.]

CANADA.

MONTREAL, 20th Oct., 1843.

Dear Sir,—Business here begins to improve rapidly, and the people to wear a brighter aspect; they have now passed through the ordeal, and, like the States, suffered very much, the same cause producing the same effect, viz.: an over-expansion of the paper currency and the sudden retraction of the Banks brought a number to the hammer, and gave the *test act* to the standing houses.

This City improves very much, and is the first in Canada in point of wealth and beauty of buildings. The Bank of British North America is erecting a splendid building in Great St. James Street, which would do credit to Wall street. Most of the old French streets here are very narrow, but the new streets are broad and very handsomely laid out. The wooden pavements which were laid down two years ago, are the best I have ever seen, in fact they seem to improve by use.

They have found out a new route through the Cedars, which promises to be of great importance; they have heretofore not been able to load their barges more than 3 or 4 feet, but the new route, according to the opinion of one of the most experienced captains, will allow vessels drawing 10 feet to pass with safety down the St. Lawrence from Kingston to Montreal; this, with their new canal, will be of immense advantage.

The seat of Government occupies a prominent part in the discussions of the house; it seems to be the wish of a great portion of the Members that Montreal shall be fixed upon as the capital, and it certainly possesses all the requisites, but the Kingstonians have got it, and they are determined not to lose it, at least not without a strong effort to retain it.

Yours, &c., LEO.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—Mr. Macready has terminated his first engagement at this house and has proceeded to Philadelphia; and Mr. Wallack, having returned from that city, has played a short engagement here, consisting of the current week only. We have no occasion to dwell here on his peculiar merits and qualities, which have been so long known and appreciated; but, with the permission of our readers, we shall devote a few words to the consideration of the Kotzebue plays, a most despicable specimen of which was given on Wednesday evening. It is called "The Virgin of the Sun," and is in fact the play, of which the still popular "Pizarro" is the supplement; affording, we believe, a solitary instance in which the original idea is despised and the expansion of it cherished. It is almost honouring this thing too much to name Homer and Milton in illustration of our remark; but let that pass. The Iliad is the beloved of scholars and poets, whilst the Odyssey is in very inferior estimation; the Paradise Lost is read, quoted, and venerated, whilst the Paradise Regained is all but forgotten. To come nearer our own times, the first part of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" is still highly relished, whilst few are aware that a second part was attempted; and Johnson's "Rasselas" maintains its place in the moral library, whilst its continuation, "Dinabab," is consigned to oblivion. With Kotzebue the converse is the fact, which shows that the public sentiment is always right in the long run.

This "Virgin of the Sun" is, in fact, nothing more than an extravagant and gaudy melo-dramatic spectacle, in which the hero, *Rolla*—who, by the bye, is here no better than a roistering bully—spouts ultra-sentiment, and is willing to play "all for love, or the world well lost." Oh, he will do anything "for Cora;" he will either cut the throat of his enemy, or make him a very brother—"for Cora;" he is ready to become a rebel to his king, a desecrator of his country's altars, a very genius of blasting desolation—"for Cora;" or he will be the obedient puppet, who, after placing his life in jeopardy for breaking every law

will lay down the sword, which he has so hastily snatched, and prostrate himself at the feet of his sovereign—"for Cora." In short, never was the character of a hero—that most sublime of titles—so mauled and distorted, as the *Rolla* of "Virgin of the Sun." So far, however, all is ridiculous enough, but harmless, for if adults are "but children of a larger growth," they must have their plaything for their leisure hours. But we have not yet concluded our charge against the Kotzebue plays in general, and this *thing* in particular. They all have their foundation in either a false morality or the perversion of the morality which is true; their effect depends infinitely more upon the feelings and the passions than upon their intrinsic merits; they lead the imagination of those who have that quality vividly, greatly astray, and produce pity, where condemnation would be much more appropriate. The language of this play, in particular is calculated to produce license in ethics, confusion in the social compact, and anarchy in the political condition; it makes every man, in his individual condition, the judge and the reformer of his country's institutions; it sets law, liberty, order, and religion at defiance, when they interpose against the gratification of selfish feelings and passions; and all these by the help of a few fine-sounding expressions, florid sentiments, which, by the voice of poetical authority, are to be received in lieu of—common sense.

This piece is a "Revival." We were never fond of the word as applied either dramatically, or religiously of late; and we think this is likely to confirm our antipathy. Considered as a stage performance we shall say that if anything could make the *Rolla* amiable and admirable, the fine acting of *Wallack* would have effected it. But we were glad to perceive that it did not greatly awaken the sympathies of the audience, and we would "wad ye a plack" that it will not very shortly be played here again.

We hope to give some account next week of "Rienzi." It first brought into notice that charming actress *Mrs. Saltzberg*, better known as *Miss Phillips*.

BOWERY THEATRE.—The engagement of *Mrs. Shaw* has terminated; we believe that it has been a profitable one. The capabilities of the establishment are now employed upon melodrama and spectacle, in which they are always successful. Mr. J. R. Scott is playing *Rob Roy* and similar characters, and the audiences continue to be numerous.

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The burlesque "Macbeth" still keeps its ground, and the comicalities of *Holland* are infinitely amusing. We have not, however, anything very special to observe concerning this little pet theatre.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Oct. 3d, 1843.

* * * * * I arrived in this mighty Metropolis about a month since, and had intended sooner to have written some remarks for your excellent periodical, had not indisposition, and absence from town prevented me. Since my last visit here a wonderful change has taken place, and on visiting my former wanderings I find myself now completely as it were bewildered and lost. This is the dull season, and the town is called quite empty; and so it is in reality—but tell a stranger this in the face of crowded streets with vehicles of all sorts and sizes—the constant merry throng—people from almost every nation under heaven, the pushing to and fro, resembling a prairie in the Western country under the effects of a whirlwind,—tell a stranger that London is empty and he will smile at the apparent absurdity of the remark. Her Majesty has reached England in safety, and will quietly remain till the approach of another summer by the blessing of God, and then proceed on her aquatic excursions—but where? Possibly to Yankee land. What a glorious sight it would be to see the Royal party coming up our beautiful Bay. The theatrical campaign has commenced in good earnest, all the establishments are in full blast. The Haymarket has been doing an excellent business, and "Who's your friend?" with the "Wedding Breakfast," have been played for 38 nights to excellent, and at most times crowded audiences. The acting of *Charles Mathews* as *Giles Fairland* in the former piece, has elicited each night as it richly deserves, most enthusiastic plaudits. *Mme. Vestris* is much altered in appearance since she was with us, but she still is the nonpareil in her profession. *Mme. Celeste* opened last night in "Louison, or the Recompense," with "The Manager" to a very good house, considering the first night of all the other Houses. She still retains her youthful expression, and her acting is truly superb. *Buckstone* is also here, and a very great favourite. Where is he not? The house has an excellent company, amongst which *Farren* and *Mrs. Glover* must not be omitted. Comedy and Farce are its dependencies, and it is the only theatre that pays.

Drury Lane under *Bunn*, opened on 20th Sept., Saturday night, with the Opera "Siege of Rochelle," and the new Ballet of the "Peri," in which *Mme. Carlotta Grisi*, from Paris, made a decidedly triumphant hit. Her *entrée* reminded one of *Taglioni's* at the Opera House, and I think that she stands next to her in rank. Her pantomime is not very good, but her execution is much finer than *Ellsler's*. Some of her *tours de force* are unmeasurably superior, and a feat that I have never witnessed before was produced which told wonderfully well. She is on a platform 6 feet above the stage. She springs into the arms of *Mons. Petipa* and actually floats in the air down to the footlights. It is one of the finest if not the very best feats I have ever seen. The whole house rose, and such shouts of applause I have seldom—nay, never heard. She was called out, and the stage by the foot lights resembled a flower garden. The Ballet was produced with great cost and pains, but it wants the pruning knife. *Mons. Petipa* from Paris made an excellent impression and stamped himself as an artist of the first magnitude. The "Siege of Rochelle" was done.

With the exception of *Miss Rainsforth*, and a new *debutante*, *Mlle. Albertazzi*, and our favorite, *Gibbeli*, the rest were horrid; *Templeton* never sang worse and was hissed as he deserved. *Bunn* depends upon Opera and Ballet—unless the former is improved, he can never gain by that. He will make money whilst *Grisi* is with him.

Covent Garden opened last night, and "Woman" was by no means successful.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

SECOND CONCERT OF MADAME CINTI DAMOREAU AND M. ARTOT.—The second concert of these very distinguished artists took place on Tuesday evening last at the Washington Hotel, and, like the first, it was attended by crowds of both fashionables and *dilettanti*. We can but repeat the encomiastic style in which we are bound to speak of them both; it might be wished, it is true, that the lady had a little more volume of tone, but it is exquisitely sweet as it is; and her performances are so marked with grace, taste, and science, that the ear and the judgment of listeners become fascinated. Let us add also that, unlike second or third rate *artistes*, she has not her favourite cadenza or roudade to be thrust impertinently into every species of composition; but even in these matters they are chastely adapted to the performance in hand. If there be effort in any part of her singing, she has the skill effectually to hide it, for all she does is smooth and subdued, yet with feeling and sweetness, nor does she ever spoil the general effect by a distortion of either person or feature. The "Non piu mesta," as sung by her, was a perfect gem, and brought upon her thunders of applause; the variations on the *motif* were clean, clear, pure, and elastic; we verily believe we could listen to them when sung in such a style until "this present writing;" and as for *Horn's* sweet little air, "Oh come with me my love," we can but utter our opinion that, if the composer could always have such an exponent of his genius as *Madame Damoreau*, he would have been a man of fortune to-day. Her closing piece was the "Una voce poco fa;" it is usual for singers of every grade to clothe this cavatina with all the ornament it will bear, and some of them, heaven knows, so hide the text that the ear of the listener can hardly detect it. Now *Madame Damoreau* was by no means sparing of that quality; but how did she use it? Even as the jewels, the laces, and the ornaments to the paraphernalia of an elegant and tasteful woman do but serve to set off to greater advantage her own beauty and symmetry, so did the artistical aids thrown in by this charming cantatrice add new sweetness to the composition of *Rossini*. But we may go on, to our own delectation doubtless, but wearying our readers; we therefore forbear, after informing them that the third and last concert will take place on Monday evening next.

Of *M. Artot* also we have to speak in a manner every way confirmatory of our first impressions concerning him; his playing is decidedly that of an artist, as well as of a sound musician; his grasp of the violin is firm and his fingering decided and correct; but his best quality, as we have said before, is that he makes his instrument sing. In all the *capricci* to which he may happen to surrender himself, he never forgets the peculiar genius of the violin, and he contrives to keep up a continual fascination by the melodies of his single stop, the full harmonies of his double stop, the brilliancy of his *arpeggi* and the casual but sufficient *pizzicati*. He takes fewer liberties with time than any solo player we ever heard, and yet there is nothing stiff in the regularity of his measure. In a word, although we would not quite place him with *Paganini*, *Ole Bull*, or *De Beriot*, we think him entitled to stand high in the next grade. We have been delighted to see our favorite *Rapetti*, who cannot suffer by the playing of any other artist, applauding and expressing his pleasure, in the most frank and gracious manner. We like this; it is in the true spirit of a lover of art, and reflects back upon him the credit which he so freely allows to others.

We note with pleasure that the *Duo Concertante* for the voice and the Violin, between *Madame Cinti Damoreau*, and *M. Artot*, which obtained such tremendous plaudits on the occasion of the first concert, will be repeated on Monday evening. The composition is that of *M. Artot* himself; it is equally graceful and skilful, and the parties go through it in the most faultless manner.

MADAME LAZARE AND SIG. MIRO.—The Concert of these two artists took place on Wednesday evening last, at the Apollo Saloon. It was tolerably attended, but assuredly not so well as it would have been, if the merits of the performers had been more generally known. The former of them is a harpist, and plays in good style; in addition to which she is a most beautiful woman and exceedingly graceful at her instrument. The latter is a professor of the Pianoforte, upon which he plays in a very superior manner. In these days when the city of New York can boast a *Timm*, a *Scharfenburg*, an *Alpers*, a *Wallace*, a *King*, an *Etienne*, a *Kossowski*, and many others whose reputation is deservedly high, a new candidate for distinction in the same department of art, ought to possess some peculiar qualification; and this is the case with *Sig. Miro*. His playing comes as near to making the Pianoforte sing, as it is capable. His performance of every pianist's task, the "Pregiera" of *Moses in Egypt* was in a spirited and effective style; and a subject in which there is a continual trill with either one hand or the other, whilst the *motif* is constantly distinguished, was most vehemently applauded. At the conclusion of the Concert he was called for, but he did not appear to answer the compliment. The vocal part of the Concert was sustained by *Sig. Antognini*, whose great ability is fully acknowledged. We trust that these artists will shortly give another Concert, at which we opine there will be a much better attendance than at this which we now record.

CONCERT OF THE MISSES CUMMING.—This Concert took place on Thursday evening, at the Apollo Saloon. It consisted entirely of Scottish melodies in one or more parts, and was an excellent treat to those who can feel the expression of the Scottish national music. The Concerts of these ladies are very popular.

Literary Notices.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, FOR SEPT., 1843.—*Leonard Scott & Co.* have succeeded *Mr. Mason* in the publication of these Reviews, and they have issued the present number in excellent style. Its contents also are peculiarly interesting. We understand that *Mr. Mason* purposes to confine himself to the republication of his religious periodicals, and to works of interest connected with such objects as they advocate.

THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS.—By *Eugene Sue*.—New York.—Winchester. —Paris is full of mysteries, though it is doubtful whether the knowledge of them, though it may enlarge the experience, will improve the principles. They

are curious however, and in the three parts issued are well described as in a fiction. The remaining seven parts will furnish much matter for moral speculation

Cricketers' Chronicle.

NOTTINGHAM VERSUS SUSSEX.

The match between these counties for the benefit of the veteran Clark, was commenced on the Trent Bridge Ground on Monday Sept. 10th and terminated in favour of Nottingham in one innings on Wednesday. The Sussex brought only ten men, and sustained some loss in Mr. Taylor and Mr. Napper not accompanying them, but nevertheless they were confident of victory, and were backed at 5 to 4 at starting. Nottingham won the toss, and at half-past twelve, placed Mr. Noyes and Buttery at the wickets to commence the engagement. Lillywhite appeared with the ball, and in the first over received a three-hit from Buttery to the leg. Dean, at the other end, was punished for four, and in Dean's next over five were got. The batting throughout the innings of Nottingham was so fine—the hits were made with such killing force, and the forward play so excellent, that it would be idle to particularize the various fine displays which were made. Let it suffice, that Mr. Noyes and Buttery got 66 before they parted. Two wickets were down for 96 runs—three for 122—four for 138—five for 140—six for 158—and the play closed at night with the same number of wickets down for 254 runs. The Sussex men were dead beat long before the stumps were drawn; eight different bowlers were tried and changed as many times; Sopp, Dean, Lillywhite, Hawkins, Hammond, Bushby, Moody, and Box, all tried their hands—high and low bowling—swift and slow—round and under-handed—all had their turn, and all received their share of punishment. Gilbert, who is a fresh man, an inhabitant of Mansfield, batted in a style such as surprised all who witnessed it; his forward play was much admired, and he made his hits clean and well home. The ball throughout the innings was continually among the crowd, and the batting was indeed a treat for eyes to gaze on. Mr. Chapman excelled all that could possibly be anticipated. At the same time, we must give Mr. Noyes and Buttery the credit of killing the best bowling at the start, and thus rendering it, if not an easy, yet a still less difficult task to be contended against by those who followed them.

Several chances were missed by the field throughout the day—Box missing Mr. Noyes behind the wicket—Jackson, who fielded for Sussex, a catch at the long leg—Bushby one at the cover point—and Moody one at the long slip; but they were all difficult, and although they might have been made, yet were most arduous in their achievement. Lillywhite's catch at the short-slip, from Brown, earned him a well-merited round of applause. On Tuesday 72 runs were got, including four byes, making the whole score 326, when Box dexterously stumped Gilbert, and Flear carried out his bat. The fielders retreated to their booth, to rest themselves after such a long and tedious campaign. During the innings, Lillywhite bowled 68 overs, 271 balls; out of these, he bowled 32 maiden overs; from him 88 runs were got, and he was changed three times. Dean bowled 54 overs, 216 balls; out of these, 12 were maiden overs; from him 138 runs were got, and he was changed three times, and changed his end once. Bushby bowled seven overs, 28 balls; two were maiden overs; from him 20 runs were got, and he was changed once. Sopp bowled 20 overs, 80 balls; 12 were maiden overs; from him 25 runs were got, and he was changed three times. Moody bowled 2 overs, 8 balls, and no maiden over: five runs were got from him, and he was changed once. Box bowled 2 overs, 8 balls—no maiden over; from him 11 runs were scored, and he was changed once. Lillywhite bowled the only no ball, and Sopp and Bushby the wide balls. The fielding of Sussex throughout the innings was poor, and at the latter part, overthrows were very frequent. Lillywhite never bowled better in all his life, and declares that he gave Gilbert twenty balls together, all of which would have taken his bails, but all of which he played down in the most excellent style. Old Lilly finishes by saying, that he "never bowled so tremendously—and that Gilbert must be a werry good one, to play such balls." Dean bowled badly, and although Sopp put some good ones in, yet he was beaten off, and the others were easily played. Hawkins fielded very cleverly at the cover-point, and Hammond at the point.

The first innings of Sussex commenced with 15 to 1 against them, and the whole of their wickets went down for 33 runs in less than 2 hours. Clark bowled 19 overs, 74 balls, of these 14 were maiden overs; from him seventeen runs were got. Redgate bowled 18 overs, 72 balls, and 12 maiden overs; from him 14 runs were got, and he bowled the only wide ball, but was not changed throughout the innings. The fielding of Mr. Creswell and Guy was greatly admired, and Charles Brown, at the stumps, excited the usual amount of mirth and amusement. Sussex followed their innings, which commenced as inauspiciously as the first. Mr. Taylor (17th Lancers) was bowled by Redgate without a run: Lillywhite was caught out by Mr. Creswell at the field on, and Mr. Bennet put the ball into Guy's hands without a run, at the point. Hammond and Hawkins came in determined on mischief, and the former quickly gave Clark a quietus, by hitting the ball with tremendous force to all parts of the field. Charles Brown, who was put on in his place, received the same dose, and Buttery was played with freedom and skill by these fine batters. When the stumps were drawn for the night, Hammond had got 43, and Hawkins 15, which, with two wide balls and one bye, made 61 in the second innings, with three wickets down. The score still remaining was 232, the residue of the first innings of Nottingham.

On Wednesday the whole of the day was occupied in finishing the game, the shades of evening having gathered when the last wicket fell. Hammond and Hawkins exhibited a similar display of science to what they did the day before, and at dinner time, the former had scored 76, and the latter 44—the score being then 128 for three wickets. After dinner Hammond wrote 16 more, making his score 92, and beating Gilbert by one, when Buttery caught him out at the middle wicket. Bushby was quickly disposed of for two, and Dean did not continue long for nine; in fact the only man that afterwards gave any trouble was Box, who played very cautiously at Clark, and hit the round bowling, but was caught at last by Redgate at the slip. Dean was out through the ball striking his foot, and running into the wicket. R. Picknell got 14, principally from Clark, and Moody three ones, when C. Brown stumped the latter, and closed the game by pocketing the ball. The result was found to be that Nottingham had won in one innings, with 31 to spare. We are extremely sorry to state, adds the Nottingham Review, that the amount subscribed towards the gettys up of the match falls far short of the actual expenses incurred, the latter, it must be considered not being very light. After the exertions of the gentlemen getting up the match, we consider it extremely hard that the proceeds should be so small, and we trust that the supporters of cricket will subscribe some slight sums towards paying the expenses. Caldecourt, of Lord's Ground, and Hillier, of Kent, were umpires, and they gave satisfaction. The attendance on Monday and Tuesday was numerous and respectable, but on the Wednesday there was but a poor muster. The following is the score:—

SUSSEX.

| 1st INNINGS. | | 2d INNINGS. | |
|---|----|----------------------|-----|
| Mr. G. Bennett, st. C. Brown | 0 | c. Guy, b. Redgate | 0 |
| Hammond, b. Clark | 0 | c. Buttery, b. Clark | 92 |
| Hawkins, c. Guy, b. Redgate | 2 | b. Redgate | 95 |
| Box, b. Clark | 7 | c. Redgate, b. Clark | 37 |
| Dean, c. C. Brown, b. Clark | 3 | b. Redgate | 9 |
| Sopp, c. Guy, b. Clark | 8 | b. Clark | 0 |
| Bushby, c. Creswell, b. Clark | 0 | c. Clark, b. Buttery | 2 |
| Moody, b. Redgate | 0 | st. Brown, b. Clark | 3 |
| R. Picknell, b. Redgate | 0 | not out | 14 |
| Lillywhite, not out | 4 | b. Clark | 0 |
| Mr. H. C. Taylor (17th Lancers), b. Clark | 7 | b. Redgate | 0 |
| Bye 1, wide ball 1 | 2 | Byes 5, wide balls 5 | 10 |
| Total | 33 | Total | 262 |

NOTTINGHAM.

| | | | |
|----------------------------------|----|----------------------------------|-----|
| Buttery, b. Sopp | 36 | Mr. J. Chapman, b. Dean | 41 |
| Mr. F. Noyes, b. Lillywhite | 47 | Mr. C. Creswell, c. Box, b. Dean | 5 |
| C. Brown, c. Lillywhite, b. Dean | 28 | S. Redgate, c. and b. Dean | 11 |
| Guy, b. Lillywhite | 11 | Flear, not out | 9 |
| Clark, c. Moody, b. Lillywhite | 14 | Byes 11, wide balls 9, no ball 1 | 21 |
| Butler, run out | 12 | | |
| Gilbert, st. Box | 91 | Total | 226 |

Park Theatre.

MONDAY EVENING, October 30—1st night of Mr. FORREST'S Engagement—"Richelieu"—Richelieu, Mr. Forrest.
TUESDAY—2d night of Mr. Forrest's Engagement.
WEDNESDAY—3d night of Mr. Forrest's Engagement.
THURSDAY—Mr. Fladde's Benefit and last appearance, prior to his departure for the South.
Mr. FORREST will perform on Friday and Saturday evenings.

NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB.—A regular meeting of this Association will be held at the Office of the "Spirit of the Times," No. 3 Barclay Street, on Wednesday evening next, November 1st, at half past seven o'clock. Punctual attendance is requested.
THOMAS PICTON MILNOR, Secretary.

Sandersons' Franklin House,

CHESTNUT STREET,
Between Third and Fourth Streets, North Side.
PHILADELPHIA. [July 15-3m]

VALE'S GLOBE AND TRANSPARENT CELESTIAL SPHERE, Price \$22, smaller size \$15.—This instrument comprises two Globes in union as in Nature, an Armillary Sphere, a Planetarium, and a universal Sun Dial; it will resolve all the principles and facts in Astronomy, in a simple easy manner. It is a model of Nature, with whose movements it corresponds. To be had at Vale's Nautical School, 91 Rosevelt Street, New York, where also Lessons on the instrument may be obtained. Sept. 25-1f

PRIVATE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, under the direction of Mrs. HENRY WRECKES, No. 2 Albion Place, Fourth Street, N. Y.
REFERENCES.—Rev. Dr. Lyell, Rev. L. P. W. Balch, Josiah Archibald, Esq., Edward Whitehouse, Esq., Edward F. Sanderson, Esq., Ven. Archdeacon Cummins, (Island of Trinidad), Hon. W. H. Burnley, (Island of Trinidad), Anthony Barclay, Esq., (British Consul), Joseph Blain, Esq., Joseph Fowler, Esq., Arent S. Depeyster, Esq., H. Feugnet, Esq., Alex. Von Pfister, Esq., Dr. Wetherill, (Philadelphia), Joseph Lawton, Esq., (Charleston), Capt. W. Salter, U.S.N., Dr. Beales, Dr. T. O. Porter, Dr. Bartlett, Ramsay Crooks, Esq., Wm. Muir, Esq., (British Consul, New Orleans), Robert Stark, Esq., (New Orleans.) Aug. 19-1f

STATE OF NEW YORK.

TO the Sheriff of the County and City of New York.—Sir, Notice is hereby given, that at the next general Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit: a Senator for first Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of Morris Franklin, on the last day of December next.
Also the following County officers, to wit: thirteen Members of Assembly, a Sheriff, in the place of Monmouth B. Hart, whose term will expire on the last day of December next. A County Clerk, in the place of Nathaniel Jarvis, whose term of service will expire on the said day. And a Coroner, in the place of Cornelius Archer, whose term will expire on said day.

Yours respectfully, S. YOUNG, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, Aug. 19, 1843.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such cases made and provided.
MONMOUTH B. HART, Sheriff of the County and City of New York.

All the newspapers in the County will publish the above once in each week until the election. See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. 5, title 3d, part 1st, 104. Sept. 2.

WEBSTER AND NORTON, COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

L. J. Webster,
A. L. Norton,
Reference—G. Merle, Esq., and Wilson & Brown, N. Y. Aug. 26-1f.

J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman-streets,) New York.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.
Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably.
May 27-3m

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO THOSE WHO WISH TO ACQUIRE A KNOWLEDGE OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED, (PRICE 25 CENTS.)
FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER.
On the Robertsonian Method.—In Six Easy Lessons.

Mr. Robertson, an eminent English scholar, spent his whole life in acquiring a perfect knowledge of, and teaching the French language; and in the end he produced such a simple and at the same time most singularly thorough explanation of the French idiom and pronunciation as to render it entirely unnecessary for those who use his work to employ the services of a teacher.

The critics of the day concede that a person may learn to speak the French language in a very short space of time by an attentive perusal of this little work; and at the same time the learner is preparing himself for the study of the grammar, should he wish to acquire perfect composition.

It is well known that for all practical purposes, an Englishman or an American, only wishes to converse in French, and to be able to read the language. For such acquisition, the present work is eminently calculated; and we do not hesitate to say that a person going to France, who is entirely ignorant of the language may learn enough on his voyage, with the aid of this little book, to enable him to converse in French easily on his arrival. It is therefore the most useful work on the French language ever issued from the press.

The whole SIX LESSONS are now published complete in one number of the MONTHLY LIBRARY, at the low price of 25 cents, or five copies for one dollar.

The postage on the work—it being issued in the form of a two sheet periodical—cannot exceed five cents in any part of the Union; and under 100 miles it will be only three cents. Letters should be addressed to
WILSON & CO., Publishers,
Sept. 23-3f

A CARD.—J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, has removed his office to No. 6 Ann Street, (office of the Anglo American), where he will be pleased to supply News Agents and others (at Publishers' prices) with the "Phil. Sat. Courier," "Post," and "Museum," Boston "Uncle Sam," "Yankee Nation," and "Boston Pilot," "Anglo American," "New Mirror," "Weekly Herald," "Brother Jonathan," "New World," "Rover," &c., and all the Daily Papers, Newspapers, Magazines and Books, carefully packed and forwarded by Steamboat and Express.
J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent,
Aug. 19-4f.

Varieties.

A GENUINE BIT OF IRISH WIT.—In Darlington, the following dialogue took place between a farmer and an Irish reaper—the latter considerably under the common stature :—Irishman : Do you want anybody for the harvest ?—Farmer : Yes.—Irishman : Will you take me ?—Farmer : No ye're too little.—Irishman : Arrah, now, and do you cut your corn at the top ?

ANAGRAMS.—An anagram is the dissolution of any word or sentence into letters as its elements, and then making some other word or sentence from it, applicable to persons or things named in such original word or sentence. There are words of this description, both of ancient and modern application, which exhibit coincidences that are truly surprising, and afford a very peculiar fund of amusement. The following is a selection of some of the best transpositions :—

| | | |
|----------------|-------|------------------|
| Astronomers | | Moon starers. |
| Democrat | | Conical trade. |
| Encyclopedia | | A nice cold pie. |
| Gallantries | | All great Sins. |
| Lawyers | | Sly Ware. |
| Misanthrope | | Spare him not. |
| Monarch | | March on. |
| Old England | | Golden Land. |
| Presbyterian | | Best in Prayer. |
| Punishment | | Nine Thumps. |
| Penitentiary | | Nay I repent it. |
| Radical Reform | | Rare mad frolic. |
| Revolution | | To love ruin. |
| Telegraphs | | Great Helps. |

PITT AND THURLOW.—About the year 1790, when the Lord Chancellor Thurlow was supposed to be on no very friendly terms with the minister, Mr. Pitt, a friend asked the latter how Thurlow drew with them. "I don't know," says the premier, "how he draws ; but he has not refused his oats yet."

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.—The half-crown shooting blouses with a watch-pocket at the side, warranted to hold all the grouse that will be shot by the wearer, are now in great vogue. For Gravesend excursions the favourite article in waistcoats is none at all, and the shirt is decidedly *decole*, saving the annoyance—and expense—of a neck-handkerchief. An elegant substitute for the cravat is a bit of *mousseline de laine*, a few inches long, or a piece of broad shoe-string, to which the *recherche* name of "Byron tie" has been given. We have observed nothing new in trousers, except the ingenious method of lengthening last year's old ones, by going without braces, and keeping the shooting-blouse closely buttoned to conceal the untidiness. The last thing we should patronize is the fourpenny men's Berlin. We have seen a very pleasing effect produced by a *degagé* shoe, slightly down at the heel, and affording a glimpse of a very rich elaborately-darned sock, which is also allowed in some cases to show by a side fissure in the *chaussure*, which is slightly slashed to admit of it.

Punch.

CROCKET'S LAST SPEECH.—I shall never forget poor old Davy Crockett's last speech ; there was no "bunkum" in that. He despised it ; all good shots do, they aim right straight for the mark and hit it. There's no shootin' round her ring, with them kinder men. Poor old feller ! he was at great hunter, a great shot with the rifle, a great wit, and a great man. He didn't leave his *span* behind him, when he slipped off the handle, I know. Well, he stood for an election and lost it, just afore he left the States ; so when it was over, he slings his powder horn on, over his shoulders, takes his "Betsey," which was his best rifle, under his arm, and mounts on a barrel to talk to his constituents, and take leave of 'em. "Feller citizens," says he, "we've had a fair stand-up fight for it, and I'm whipped, that are a fact ; and that is no denyin' of it. I've come now to take leave of you. You may all go to —, and I'll go to Texas." And he stepped right down, and went over the boundary, and joined the patriots again Mexico, and was killed there.

Sam Slick.

NOVEL USE OF BARRACK LOOP-HOLES.—The *Kerry Examiner* alleges, that a gentleman who had been lately walking by the Tralee barracks, having inquired of a soldier regarding the use of the loop-holes which were lately made, received as answer, that they were excellent contrivances for smuggling whiskey to the men when the gates were closed.

GARRICK IN OTHELLO.—QUIN'S SARCASM.—Determined to judge for himself, in regard to the merits of Garrick's acting, Quin, on the night on which his rival was announced to perform *Othello*, secured himself a place in the pit of the rival theatre. About this period had been published Hogarth's famous prints of "Marriage à la Mode," in one of which, it will be remembered, is introduced a negro foot-boy entering the apartment with a tea-equipage. To the quick fancy of Quin (naturally on the watch to turn his rival into ridicule), it may readily be imagined that there appeared a ludicrous similarity between the appearance of the foot-boy and the blackened face and diminutive figure of Garrick. Accordingly, when the latter made his re-appearance in the third or fourth act, Quin suddenly exclaimed loud enough to afford amusement to half the pit, "Here is Pompey, but where are the tea-things ?"

A FORTUNATE EMIGRANT.—Here we rested our horses and ourselves ; and Lauchlan, the fortunate possessor of the "Green Swamp," furnished me with his history. He, his wife, and six grown-up children—three sons and three daughters—were, four years ago, a starving family in the island of Coll ; and now he possesses "seventy head of cattle, seven or eight horses, a vineyard which last year yielded two hundred weight of grapes, which were sold at the Bathurst races at a shilling the pound ; and a 'bonny farm,' giving three crops of oat hay, self-sown for three years, without plough or harrow ; and follows, with his sons, the callings of farmer, blacksmith, and innkeeper. Lauchlan monopolizes and prospers ; and, from being in wretched poverty in the island of Coll, is now thriving, rich, and happy. "Had it not been for the laird, himself, I wad ne'er hae gotten from Tobermorey ; for I was a gay bit abun forty sir, and its no easy getting aff after that age. But I was the first yemigrant that, ever went frae Coll, and it was just lookit over ; and weel it was sae, for we had tint the coo, and the wife was like to gang daft on our hands a'thegither—that's her, sir (pointing to a moving mountain), she hasna yae word o' English, pair old creature—and now I'm proud to say she has mair coos than she kens what to do wi'!" Happy Lauchlan!—what with one shilling and three-pence for a horse-shoe, three shillings per bottle for porter, and three crops of self-sown oats, I prophecy that ere long you will be a wealthier man than Coll himself.

Australia and the East.

The dog, says M. Blaze, is a deserter from the enemy's camp, by whose aid we have conquered the animated world. They are our servants in the chase ; our guardians by night ; the keepers of our flocks, and the faithful companions of our walks. Some of their instincts are carried to an extraordinary length.

Thus Robert Boyle, one of our own writers, relates of a bloodhound that had tracked a runaway servant along several miles of a public road to a house where he was lodged in the market-place of a town, and thus secured his apprehension. The unfortunate Duke of Monmouth was also discovered by the aid of a dog at the bottom of a ditch in which he had hid himself after his defeat at Sedgemoor. Dogs also, as is well known, have a peculiar attachment for children, and have often wonderfully preserved them. One of these preservations is recorded in the armorial bearings of the present Lord Pembroke's family. Whilst the head of that family was out hunting a century or two since, a wolf obtained admission into the castle and killed the infant heir of the family. A mastiff who had been left behind killed the wolf, and laid down by the body of the child. Sir W. Herbert on his return, seeing only the blood of the child, immediately killed the mastiff, under the notion that the dog had killed the child. Upon becoming sensible of his error and of the fidelity of the dog, he placed him in the armorial bearings of his family. M. Blaze says he had two dogs that hunted by stealth, of whom one started the hare, and the other, concealed behind a fence, pounced on her as she passed him in her accustomed run. A story is told of a pointer and a greyhound who combined together—the greyhound availed himself of the scent of the pointer to find the game, the pointer of the speed of his associate to catch it. The pointer becoming suspected was furnished with a chain to impede his movements ; and still continuing his roving life, it was at length discovered that the greyhound, to enable him to hunt as usual, carried the chain in his mouth, till he himself was called on to take up the chase.

"As a carrier of merchandise," says the editor of the *Quarterly*, in his review of this work, "the most delicate task, which the dog has to perform is in the inland smuggling trade of the Continent. In this arduous service, which is constantly fatal to him, he shows a wonderful sagacity. Loaded with goods he sets out in the night, scents the Custom-house officer, attacks him if he can take him at a disadvantage, and conceals himself if escape is difficult, behind a bush or a tree. On his arrival at his destination, he will not show himself till he has first ascertained that the coast is clear, and while he remains, gives warning of the approach of the common enemy. It is manifest that a whole army of Custom-house officers can do little towards exterminating smugglers, of whom the supply is unlimited, who cross the frontiers in silence and darkness, whose road is the pathless wood and plain, who snuff danger in the wind, and who either evade it by their swiftness, or find a lurking-place in every hedge-row."

AN AQUATIC DUEL.

I likewise saw at Bovegoddé what the people called a water fight, between as they told me two competitors for a dark-eyed maid : one of the lovers, the challenger, being highly exasperated by the pangs which the green-eyed monster—jealousy, generated in his heart. They both stood up to their knees in the lake opposite each other ; and, with their hands, constantly dashed the water, in a curious and expert manner, into each other's faces. I saw the combatants thus—I can scarcely say, hotly engaged, about nine in the morning ; and, at three in the afternoon, they were still hard at work, and the battle was then still doubtful ; for, according to established rule, which ever of the two warriors, no matter what may be the pretence or cause, stops first, if it be only for a moment, dashing water at his adversary, is considered to be vanquished. Hundreds of people were looking on, apparently deeply interested in the result ; as he who is thus overcome, as they assured me, is never known again to aspire to the hand of the lady who has caused the antifebrile combat. What a pity it is, that this cooling mode of settling disputes, is not introduced into the Green Isle, and made to supercede the sprig system, so prevalent there !

Campbell's Excursions in Ceylon.

NEW VOLUME.

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